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### REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Discovery of America by the Northmen in the Tenth Century, with Notices of the Early Settlements of the Irish in the Western Hemisphere.* By N. L. Beamish, F.R.S. &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 239. London, 1841. T. and W. Boone.

From frequent papers, notices, and allusions in the *Literary Gazette* for some years past, its readers are acquainted with the proceedings of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, and with the persevering and successful exertions of its esteemed Secretary, Professor Rafn, in tracing out the earliest remains of the ancient history of Scandinavia. Of late, an increased activity in these pursuits seems to have been generated by the reward of their labours in the shape of interesting discoveries; and Mr. Beamish has, in the volume before us, thrown together nearly all the information which has been so sedulously collected. The task was worthy of performance; and the work is a welcome addition to our northern literature, especially as it is connected with Irish antiquities.

About four years ago Professor Rafn published his "*Antiquitates Americane*" at Copenhagen; which went to shew, from Icelandic MSS. in the Royal University libraries there, that the eastern coast of North America had been colonised by Northmen of Norway or Iceland, in the tenth and eleventh centuries, or five hundred years before the expedition of Columbus. From this elaborate exposition, with all its historical and philological data, our author has chosen his materials, and naturally gives preference to those which most closely affect our national curiosity. On one of these points he says in his preface:—

"A very little unprejudiced inquiry would be sufficient to satisfy the candid mind, that Erin had good claims to be called the 'School of the West,' and her sons:—

'*Inculta gens hominum, Milite, Pace, Fide.*'

Thus much, at least, will the following pages clearly shew: that sixty-five years previous to the discovery of Iceland by the Northmen in the ninth century, Irish emigrants had visited and inhabited that island;—that about the year 725, Irish ecclesiastics had sought seclusion upon the Farø Islands; that in the tenth century, voyages between Iceland and Ireland were of ordinary occurrence; and that in the eleventh century, a country west from Ireland, and south of that part of the American continent, which was discovered by the adventurous Northmen in the preceding age, was known to them under the name of White Man's Land, or Great Ireland."

Donatus, bishop of Frosoli, who wrote in the fifth century, gives the account of the country in Latin verse, in which the foregoing line appears; but the passage will be more acceptable to our unlearned friends in a spirited translation of O'Halloran:—

"Far westward lies an isle of ancient fame,  
By nature blessed, and Scotia is her name,  
Known in books: exhaustless is her store,  
Of veiny silver and of golden ore.  
Her fruitful soil for ever teems with wealth,  
With gems her waters, and her air with health;  
Her verdant fields with milk and honey flow,  
Her woollly fleeces vie with virgin snow.

Her waving furrows float with bearded corn,  
And arms and arts her envied sons adorn!  
No savage bear with lawless fury roves;  
Nor fiercer lion through her peaceful groves;  
No poison there infects, no scaly snake  
Creeps through the grass, nor frog annoys the lake;  
An island worthy of its pious race,  
In war triumphant, and unmatched in peace!"

The Sagas of Scandinavia, whence Professor Rafn has drawn so much of his intelligence, are remarkable documents. Oral tradition, beginning with the mythic, proceeding with the historical, and ending with the fabulous (Intr. XX.), were their original foundations. Then were the books written, collected, and preserved, both in Iceland and its parent state, Norway.\* Trading and piratical voyages spread this intercourse farther, probably, than can ever now be ascertained or even surmised; and the songs of the Skalds penetrated to quarters of the earth where it would be impossible at this distant day to detect their influence in the altered and minute remains of language, customs, or monuments:—

"Thus (says our author) in the twelfth century, when the night of ignorance and barbarism still hung over the rest of Europe, narratives which had previously been transmitted by oral tradition were taken down with the pen, and the writing of books was commenced in Iceland. The following century was the golden age of Icelandic historical literature, for in that age lived Snorrio Sturleson.† His mode of writing history was to collect the Sagas that had been written before his time, to strike out whatever displeased him, make abstracts of what he considered too diffuse, and enliven the recital by the introduction of a few strophes from the old Skalds. He states nothing for which he has not good authority; he rejects whatever was too trifling to be consistent with the dignity of history, as well as the greater part of those legends which several of the copyists have inserted in his work: but, on the other hand, he does not pass by a single illustrative feature, and has faithfully preserved the lively character of the ancient Saga. Between 1264 and 1271,

\* "Snorrio Sturleson says in the preface to the '*Heimskringla*,' that Are Frode (b. 1067, d. 1140) was the first who committed to writing, in the northern tongue, historical narrations both of the present and the past. Soon afterwards, Samund Frode wrote of the Norwegian kings. Both these authors finished their works at a late period of life, and after the year 1120; hence it has been inferred that no history was written in Iceland before the time of Are Frode, and consequently that such historical writing was the fruit of a taste for literature generated by the introduction of Christianity."

† "Son of the wealthy and powerful chief Sturle Thordson, and Lagman or governor of Iceland in 1213. 'His countrymen,' says an eloquent writer, 'love to compare him with the most celebrated of the Roman orators, to whom, both in character and fortune, he bore a striking resemblance. Both were called to the highest offices in their native land by the voice of their admiring countrymen—both amidst the cares and distractions of political life, soothed their labours by literature, and won its brightest honours from their less busy contemporaries both lived at a time when the bulwarks of freedom were crumbling into fragments around them—and both, taking an active share in the unnatural conflict, fell victims to the success of their enemies. Like Cicero, too, Snorrio was distinguished for his powerful, fervid eloquence, and by his rank, wealth, and talents, was entitled to the highest place in the state. But his character was stained by avarice and ambition, and he is accused of having often failed to perform boldly what he had prudently contrived.'—*Iceland, Greenland, &c.* Ed. Cab. Lib. xxviii. pp. 133-6."

being some years after Sverres Saga had been completed, Sturle Thordson wrote the history of Hakon Hakonson, at the instigation of Magnus Lagebæter, and according to the materials which he had collected at the Norwegian court. His work is, therefore, to be looked upon as an independent performance, and both as regards its comprehensiveness and historical arrangement, must be classed amongst the best of the Icelandic historical works. The Sagas which embrace that period of time, extending from the death of Sverre to the birth of Hakon Hakonson, are probably written later than Hakon Hakonson's Saga, for as they just fill up the space between these two great historical works, the want of this link would not clearly appear until the latter had been completed. The fragment which remains of Magnus Lagebæter's Saga shews that it was intended to continue the series of royal narratives, but these could scarcely have been of much interest, as no MSS. are extant. A Jarl's Saga was also compiled in the thirteenth century, being a collection of ancient narratives relating to the Jarls of the Orkneys, which were united and continued under the name of the Orkneyinga Saga. The civil disturbances in Iceland at this period were described by Sturle Thordson, and beside this, many were employed in writing annals. In the sixteenth century, although the decline of learning had commenced, much literary activity was still visible in Iceland; but the independent compilation or composition of history had ceased, and only a few bishops' Sagas were still written. On the other hand, copying was carried on with great industry, older Sagas were transcribed, the Landnamabok completed, and the Kristnisaga, or description of the introduction of Christianity into the country, was extracted from the older writings: the copious MSS. called Flatbøgen,\* still shews with what industry individual ecclesiastics collected and transcribed the older historical Sagas, towards the end of this century.

In the sixteenth century still fewer Sagas were written than in the fifteenth, not so much because people began to get acquainted with printed works, which took place slowly, but because the Reformation at first operated against the reading of Sagas: they were said to contain Popery. It was, therefore, fortunate for history that, from the seventeenth century, the attention of the literati, both in Sweden and Denmark, was turned to the importance of Icelandic manuscripts. Arngir Johnson, author of '*Crymogæa*,' assisted by King Christian IV. of Denmark (1643), collected several of them; and Bishop Brynjulf Svendsen sent some of the most important Icelandic codices to Frederic III. (1670), who was a zealous promoter of all intellectual advancement. The Icelandic Ragnman, who, taken prisoner in the wars of Charles X. of Sweden, had awakened the attention of the Swedish literati to the literary treasures of his own country, was sent to the

\* "The book of Flat Island (Codex Flatensis) so called from having been found in a monastery on the island of Flatø (Flat Island), situated north of the Breids Fjord in Iceland. It is a vellum MS. containing copies of a number of Sagas, executed between 1387 and 1395, and is preserved in the Royal Library of Copenhagen."

island in 1661 to purchase manuscripts for the Antiquarian Museum of Stockholm, and many were afterwards sent thither on the same errand; but Christian V. of Denmark, whose dominion, including Norway, extended to Iceland, issued a prohibition in 1685 against any manuscripts being disposed of to strangers; nor was it until the eminent antiquary Professor Arnas Magnussen was placed at the head of a royal commission in Iceland, which carried on its labours with unwearied assiduity from 1702 to 1712, that the remaining manuscripts were collected and lodged in the libraries of Copenhagen."

It is from these sources that our information is gathered; and the discovery of Northern buildings and inscriptions in North America corroborates the fact of a very ancient succession of voyages to and from Iceland and that (since called *new*) continent! Of Iceland itself, Mr. Beames states, it "was colonised by Ingolf, a Norwegian, in 874. The discovery of the island has been erroneously given to Nadodd in 862; but Finn Magnusen and Rafn have shewn that it had been previously visited by Gardar, a Dane of Swedish descent, about the year 860, and was first called Gardarsholm (Gardar's Island), nor can the arrival of Nadodd, who called it Sneeland (Snowland) be fixed at an earlier period than 864.—See Grönländ's 'Historiske Mindesmarker,' Vol. I. pp. 92-97. But both the Norwegian and Swed. Dane must give place to the Irish monks, who, it will be shewn, visited and resided in Iceland sixty-five years before the discovery of Gardar."

This fact is maintained from "that division of the 'Antiquitates Americane,' entitled 'Brevisiores Relationes,' being extracts and short narratives taken from various Icelandic manuscripts now extant in the Royal and University Libraries of Copenhagen. They contain some interesting particulars of the traces of Irish settlers found in Iceland previous to the occupation of that island by the Norwegians in the ninth century, as well as authentic accounts of voyages performed by the Northmen in the years 999 and 1029, to that part of the Western hemisphere known to them under the name of White Man's Land, or Great Ireland [Hvitramanna land eder Irland it Mikla]."

The most singular of these "Minor Narratives" is those relating to the voyages of Björn Asbrandson, who sailed from Ireland and never returned; and of Gudleif, a merchant, in 1029; the latter of which runs as follows:—

"It happened in the last years of the reign of King Olaf the Saint, that Gudleif undertook a trading voyage to Dublin; but when he sailed from the west, intended he to sail to Iceland; he sailed then from the west of Ireland, and met with north-east winds, and was driven far to the west, and south-west, in the sea, where no land was to be seen. But it was already far gone in the summer, and they made many prayers that they might escape from the sea; and it came to pass that they saw land. It was a great land, but they knew not what land it was. Then took they the resolve to sail to the land, for they were weary of contending longer with the violence of the sea. They found there a good harbour; and when they had been a short time on shore, came people to them: they knew none of the people, but it rather appeared to them that they spoke Irish. Soon came to them so great a number that it made up many hundreds. These men fell upon them and seized them all, and bound them, and drove them up the coun-

try. There were they brought before an assembly to be judged. They understood so much that some were for killing them, but others would have them distributed amongst the inhabitants, and made slaves. And while this was going on, saw they where rode a great body of men, and a large banner was borne in the midst. Then thought they that there must be a chief in the troop; but when it came near, saw they that under the banner rode a large and dignified man, who was much in years, and whose hair was white. All present bowed down before the man, and received him as well as they could. Now observed they that all opinions and resolutions concerning their business were submitted to his decision. Then ordered this man Gudleif and his companions to be brought before him; and when they had come before this man, spoke he to them in the Northern tongue, and asked them from what country they came. They answered him, that the most of them were Icelanders. The man asked, which of them were Icelanders? Gudleif said that he was an Icelandic. He then saluted the old man, and he received it well, and asked from what part of Iceland he came. Gudleif said that he was from that district which hight Borgafjord. Then inquired he from what part of Borgafjord he came, and Gudleif answered just as it was. Then asked this man about almost every one of the principal men in Borgafjord and Breidafjord; and when they talked thereon, inquired he minutely about every thing, first of Snorri Godi, and his sister Thurid of Froda, and most about Kjartan her son. The people of the country now called out, on the other side, that some decision should be made about the seamen. After this went the great man away from them, and named twelve of his men with himself, and they sat a long time talking. Then went they to the meeting of the people, and the old man said to Gudleif: 'I and the people of the country have talked together about your business, and the people have left the matter to me; but I will now give ye leave to depart whence ye will; but although ye may think that the summer is almost gone, yet will I counsel ye to remove from hence, for here are the people not to be trusted, and had to deal with, and they think besides that the laws have been broken to their injury.' Gudleif answered: 'What shall we say, if fate permits us to return to our own country, who has given us this freedom?' He answered: 'That can I not tell you, for I like not that my relations and foster-brothers should make such a journey hereto, as ye would have made, if ye had not had the benefit of my help; but now is my age so advanced, that I may expect every hour old age to overpower me; and even if I could live yet for a time, there are here more powerful men than me, who little peace would give to foreigners that might come here, although they be not just here in the neighbourhood where ye landed.' Then caused he their ship to be made ready for sea, and was there with them, until a fair wind sprung up, which was favourable to take them from the land. But before they separated took this man a gold ring from his hand, and gave it into the hands of Gudleif, and there-with a good sword; then said he to Gudleif: 'If the fates permit you to come to your own country, then shall you take this sword to the yeoman, Kjartan of Froda, but the ring to Thurid his mother.' Gudleif replied: 'What shall I say, about it, as to who sends them these valuables?' He answered: 'Say

that he sends them who was a better friend of the lady of Froda, than of her brother, Godi of Helegafell; but if any man therefore thinks that he knows who has owned these articles, then say these my words, that I forbid any one to come to me, for it is the most dangerous expedition, unless it happens as fortunately with others at the landing-place, as with you; but here is the land great, and bad as to harbours, and in all parts may strangers expect hostility, when it does not turn out as has been with you.' After this, Gudleif and his people put to sea, and they landed in Ireland late in harvest, and were in Dublin for the winter. But in the summer after, sailed they to Iceland, and Gudleif delivered over there these valuables; and people held it for certain that this man was Björn, the champion of Breidavik, and no other account to be relied is there in confirmation of this, except that which is now given here."

Upon this the editor remarks:—

"The reader will no doubt come to the same conclusion drawn by the Icelanders respecting the identity of the aged chief, to whose generosity and friendly feeling Gudleif and his companions were so much indebted, and unhesitatingly pronounce him to have been none other than Björn Asbrandson, the champion of Breidavik, who, it will be remembered, had set sail about thirty years before, with a north-east wind, and had not since been heard of. The remarkable accordance of all the personal details, to which the writer evidently attaches the principal importance, with the historical events, which are only incidentally alluded to, enable us to determine dates and intervals of time with a degree of accuracy that places the truth of the narrative beyond all question, and gives a high degree of interest to these two voyages. The mention of Sigard Jarl of the Orkneys, Palnatoki, Styrbjörn, the nephew of Erik of Sweden, the Battle of Fyrisvold, Snorri Godi, 'the latter part of the reign of King Olaf the Saint,' gives a chronological character to the narratives, and enables us to fix with confidence nearly the exact period of the principal events. Hence it appears that Gudleif Gudlaugson, sailing from the west of Ireland in the year 1029, with a north-east wind, is driven far to the south and south-west, where no land was to be seen, and that after being exposed for many days to the violence of the wind and waves, he at length finds shelter upon a coast, where Björn Asbrandson, who had left Iceland with north-east winds thirty years before, had become established as chief of the inhabitants of the country. He finds him, as might naturally have been expected, 'stricken in years,' and 'his hair was white,' for Björn had left Iceland for Jomsborg in the prime of life, had, after taking part in the achievements of the Jomsvikings up to the death of Palnatoki in 993, returned to and resided in Iceland until 999, and now thirty winters had passed over his head since his ultimate departure from his native land. The locality of the newly discovered country is next to be determined: Now if a line be drawn running north-east and south-west, the course of Björn Asbrandson, from the western coast of Iceland, and another in the same direction (the course of Gudleif Gudlaugson) from the west coast of Ireland, they would intersect each other on the southern shores of the United States, somewhere about Carolina or Georgia. This position accords well with the description of the locality of their

country, given by the Skrælings to Thorfinn Karlsefne, and which the Northmen believed to be White Man's Land, or Great Ireland, as also with the geographical notices of the same land which have been already adduced; and when to these evidences be added the statements of Gudleif and his companions respecting the language of the natives, 'which appeared to them to be Irish,' there is every reason to conclude that this was the Hvíttramaland, Albania, or Irland ed mikla of the Northmen.

Professor Rafn is of opinion that the White Man's Land, or Great Ireland of the Northmen, was the country situated to the south of Chesapeake Bay, including North and South Carolina, Georgia, and East Florida.\* It is well known that the Esquimaux Indians formerly inhabited countries much farther south than they do at present, and a very remarkable tradition is stated to be still preserved amongst the Shawanese Indians, who emigrated eighty-seven years ago, from West Florida to Ohio, that Florida was once inhabited by white men, who used iron instruments.† A German writer also mentions an old tradition of the ancestors of the Shawanese having come from beyond the sea.‡ Various circumstances shew that Great Ireland was a country, of the existence of which the Icelandic historians had no doubt.

From what cause could the name of Great Ireland have arisen, but from the fact of the country having been colonised by the Irish? Coming from their own green island to a vast continent possessing many of the fertile qualities of their native soil, the appellation would have been natural and appropriate; and costume, colour, or peculiar habits, might have readily given rise to the country being denominated White Man's Land by the neighbouring Esquimaux. Nor does this conclusion involve any improbability: we have seen that the Irish visited and inhabited Iceland towards the close of the eighth century, to have accomplished which they must have traversed a stormy ocean to the extent of about 800 miles; that a hundred years before the time of Dicuil, namely, in the year 725, they had been found upon the Farø Islands; that in the tenth century, voyages between Iceland and Ireland were of ordinary occurrence; and that in the beginning of the eleventh century, White Man's Land, or Great Ireland, is mentioned, not as a newly discovered country, but as a land long known, by name, to the Northmen. Neither the Icelandic historians or navigators were, in the least degree, interested in originating or giving currency to any fable respecting an Irish settlement on the southern shores of North America, for they set up no claim to the discovery of that part of the western continent, their intercourse being limited to the coasts north of Chesapeake Bay. The discovery of Vinland and Great Ireland appears to have been totally independent of each other: the latter is only incidentally alluded to by the Northern navigators; with the name they were familiar, but of the peculiar locality of the country they were ignorant; nor was it until after the return of Karlsefne from Vinland in 1011, and the information which he obtained from the Skrælings, or Esquimaux, who were

captured during the voyage, that the Northmen became convinced that White Man's Land, or Great Ireland, was a part of the same vast continent, of which Helluland, Markland, and Vinland, formed portions. The traces of Irish origin which have been observed among some of the Indian tribes of North and Central America, tend also to strengthen the presumption that these countries had been colonised from Ireland at some remote period of time. Rask, the eminent Danish philologist, leans to this opinion, which he founds upon the early voyages of the Irish to Iceland, and the similitude between the Hiberno-Celtic and American-Indian dialects. 'It is well known,' he says, 'that Iceland was discovered and partially inhabited by the Irish before its discovery and occupation by the Scandinavians; and when we find that the Icelanders, descended from the Scandinavians, discovered North America, it will appear less improbable that the Irish, who, at that period, were more advanced in learning and civilisation, should have undertaken similar expeditions with success; the name of Irland ed Mikla he also considers to be a sufficient indication of the Irish having emigrated thither from their own country.'

And "the remarkable narrative of Lionel Wafer, who resided for several months amongst the inhabitants of the Isthmus of America, contains some remarkable passages bearing upon this subject, and which, as the author had no preconceived opinions on the affinity of languages, or favourite theory to uphold, are deserving of notice. Speaking of their language, he says:—"My knowledge of the Highland language made me the more capable of learning the Darien Indians' language, when I was among them, for there is some affinity; not in the signification of the words of each language, but in the pronunciation, which I could easily imitate, both being spoken pretty much in the throat, with frequent aspirates, and much the same sharp or circumflex tang, or cant." This writer, however, had evidently not paid much attention to the affinities of the two languages which he compares, and finds only to resemble in pronunciation; for many of the words which he afterwards adduces as examples of the Indian language, bear a marked similitude to those of the Celtic, as may readily be seen by the following comparison:—

American-Indian.	Celtic.
Tuutah—Father	Tadrys (Welsh), Tat (Corn.), Tut (Armoric), Dad or Daddy (vulgar Irish).
Namah—Mother	Naing (Irish).
Poonah—Woman	Bean (Irish), Bun (Armoric).
Nenah—Girl	Nean (ancient Scotch).
Nee—the Moon	Neul, a star—light—neultail nym, the stars of heaven (Irish).
Keach (pron. Eetah)—Ugly	Etaeet—Death (Irish)—the ugliest of all things.
Paeochah—Foh! Ugly!	Pah, prefixed to a word in Welsh augments its signification.
Eachah Malooquah, an ex-Malluighe, or malluighe, passion of great dislike	.. cursed, accursed (Irish).
Cutah, sleep	Codalta and Codaltac, sleepy (Irish).
Catapah (pron. Capa), ham—Caba, a cloak, Caban, tent, mock	cottage (Irish), Gaban, ib. (Welsh).
Eetah, got	Eid, to take, handle (Irish).
Doodah, water	Tulle, a flood (Irish).
Copah, drink	Cebac, drunkenness (Irish).
Mamamrah, line	Ma, na, ba, would be nearly the sound of the repetition of the word ba, which signifies good in Irish: the m and b are also often used indiscriminately. — See O'Brien's Remarks on Letter M.
Reeah, to call	Enrei, to name (Welsh), Henu, a name (Armoric).

Wafer further says: 'Their way of reckoning from score to score is no more than what our

old English way was; but their saying, instead of thirty-one, thirty-two, &c., one score and eleven, one score and twelve, &c., is much like the Highlanders of Scotland and Ireland, reckoning eleven and twenty, twelve and twenty, &c.; so for fifty-three, the Highlanders say thirteen and two score, as the Darien Indians would two score and thirteen, only changing the place. In my youth I was well acquainted with the Highland, or primitive Irish language, both as it is spoken in the north of Ireland, particularly at the Navan, upon the Boyne, and about the town of Virgini, upon Lough Rammer, in the Barony of Castle Raghin, in the County of Cavan; and also in the Highlands of Scotland, where I have been up and down in several places. . . . I learned a great deal of the Darien language in a month's conversation with them." Wafer's description of the dress of this tribe of American Indians presents also a remarkable coincidence with the short notices of the inhabitants of White Man's Land, as given to Karlsefne by the Esquimaux."

Having gone so far into the "nearer home" part of this work, we must be content to refer our readers to that part which treats of the Icelandic settlements upon the shores of Massachusetts, and other coasts of North America, and conclude with the following singular illustration of the general theory:—

"Since the publication of the 'Antiquitates Americanae,' a still further addition to American monuments has been discovered in the neighbourhood of Bahia, as appears from a communication made to the Royal Society of Northern Antiquities by Dr. Lund, one of its members, residing at Lagon Santa, in Brazil:—It appears, on the authority of a journal published by a society lately established at Rio Janeiro, under the name of 'Instituto Historico Braziliro,' that the remains of an ancient city, built of hewn stone, have been recently discovered in the neighbourhood of Bahia, and that Professor Shieck, one of the members of the institution, guided by Professor Rafn's work, has deduced from the inscriptions the Scandinavian origin of these remains. Among the ruins is stated to be a huge column, bearing a remarkable figure, which stretches out the right hand, and points with the fore-finger towards the north pole. Dr. Lund had not seen the monument at the period of his communication, but intended to undertake a journey to the place, and make a minute examination of the ruins and inscriptions, the result of which may be expected to appear in a future number of the proceedings of the Northern Antiquaries."

*The Hieroglyphics of Horapollo Nilous.* By A. T. Cory. 12mo. pp. 174. London, 1840. CONSIDERING the natural, and now universal, curiosity awakened regarding Egypt, and the doubts which modern investigation has from time to time thrown upon some portions of the statements, previously received in the gross, respecting the early condition of that singular land, it is not extraordinary to find attention directed to the reprint, in a popular form, of what may justly claim to be considered the best authorities of antiquity upon the subject. The success of "The Collection of Ancient Fragments," by Mr. J. P. Cory, and the station it occupies in the library of every scholar, has done so much towards simplifying the view of the question, that it is not to be wondered at, if other works, somewhat similar in principle, and calculated like it to popularise the interest of research, should follow;

\* Antiq. Amer. p. 448. See Map, Plate II. It might also have extended towards the Isthmus of America. See infra, p. 213, seq.

† Account of the present state of the Indian tribes inhabiting Ohio, in 'Archæologia Americana,' I. pp. 273-76, ap. Rafn.

‡ See Nachrichten über die früheren Einwohner von Nord America und ihre Denkmäler, p. 87. ap. Rafn. In Antiq. Amer. p. 448, note a.



still less that such should be undertaken by so near a relative of the author referred to as the translator of the volume before us, and whose talents and judgment appear so well adapted to maintain a kindred reputation.

The mass of facts scattered through Greek authors, the early fathers of the Church, and the writers of other bulky volumes, sadly want extracting and arranging by themselves; nor till this is done, can we hope to obtain any thoroughly distinct idea of the great Egyptian question—a Sphinx's riddle, which has yet to find its *Œdipus*. In truth, we have long entertained a suspicion that on this, as on all difficult points, it is not so much the researches of profound and laborious investigators, though these supply the raw material, as the sound exercise of, so to say, popular common discretion, that must determine the controversy. At present, scholars have their favourite authorities, and admit no other. Egyptian or Greek writers, all and each, general historians, particular compilers, Christian fathers, and foreign and profane authors, philologists, linguists, chronologists, astronomers (not astrologers), and astrologists, are severally espoused and repudiated, upheld or put down, according to individual bias.

The native records and native monuments might be supposed to settle the whole matter in dispute, but unfortunately they have hitherto added much to its difficulties: the former being on many points suspicious, contradictory, and incomplete; the latter, in themselves undeniable evidence where they can be read, are by some asserted as sustaining, by others as overthrowing, the authority of the former. When such differences exist as to results, the evidence must be defective. Will no one try a little common sense on the question?

The volume before us shews the necessity of such an effort. Mr. A. Cory's labour has this especial merit, that it does not complicate the author it would explain; but gives, so far as the memorials transmitted by the latter to posterity are preserved for us, the complete transcript of his mind, and a text of its faculties for judgment; embodying, and with a conciseness and accuracy that render the truth more striking, the results obtained by modern researches, in elucidation or correction of the ancient writers. We are thus enabled to judge for ourselves the degree of weight to be attached to the statements of Horapollo and his Greek translator Philip. After referring to Young, Champollion, and their successors, Mr. Cory observes in the preface:—

"The ill success of every previous attempt may, in a great measure, be attributed to the scanty remnants of Egyptian literature that had survived, and the neglect into which the sacred writings of Egypt had fallen, at the time when Eusebius and several fathers of the Christian Church turned their attention to antiquity. The ravages of the Persians had scattered and degraded the priesthood of Egypt, the sole depositories of its learning. But the fostering care of the Ptolemies reinstated them in splendour, and again established learning in its ancient seat. The cultivation of sacred literature, and a knowledge of hieroglyphics, continued through the whole of the Greek dynasty, although the introduction of alphabetic writing was tending gradually to supersede them. Under the Roman dominion, and upon the infusion of Christianity, they further declined: but the names of Roman emperors are found inscribed in hieroglyphic characters down to the close of the second century, that of Commodus being, we believe, the latest that

appears. During the two centuries that succeeded, the influence of Christianity, and the establishment of the Platonic schools at Alexandria, caused them to be altogether neglected. At the beginning of the fifth century, Horapollo, a scribe of the Egyptian race and a native of Phœnebythis, attempted to collect and perpetuate in the volume before us the then remaining, but fast-fading, knowledge of the symbols inscribed upon the monuments, which attested the ancient grandeur of his country. This compilation was originally made in the Egyptian language; but a translation of it into Greek by Philip has alone come down to us, and in a condition very far from satisfactory. From the internal evidence of the work, we should judge Philip to have lived a century or two later than Horapollo, and at a time when every remnant of actual knowledge of the subject must have vanished. He, moreover, expressly professes to have embellished the second book, by the insertions of symbols and hieroglyphics, which Horapollo had omitted to introduce, and appears to have extended his embellishments also to the first book. Nevertheless, there is no room to doubt but that the greater portion of the hieroglyphics and interpretations given in that book, as well as some few in the second book, are translated from the genuine work of Horapollo, so far as Philip understood it; but in all those portions of each chapter, which pretend to assign a reason why the hieroglyphics have been used to denote the thing signified, we think\* the illustration of Philip may be detected. In the first stages of hieroglyphical interpretation, this work afforded no inconsiderable light. But, upon the whole, it has scarcely received the attention which it may justly claim, as the only ancient volume entirely devoted to the task of unravelling the mystery in which Egyptian learning has been involved; and as one which, in many instances, unquestionably contains the correct interpretations."—Pref. pp. vii. viii. ix. x.

However fallen the condition of Egyptian science, we ourselves must doubt the ravages of the Persians as the cause, at least to the extent of destruction here, and generally, imputed to them; especially when we recollect the love cherished by the latter for learning, and that the narrators were the suffering and hostile Egyptian priests. The Persians of that day were surely not less civilised than the Arabs when they overran Persia; and more especially than the Shepherds, who preceded themselves in the invasion of Egypt: now, though both the one and the other had long enjoyed the funeral reputation of unrelenting destroyers, the calmer investigations of modern history have thrown a just doubt upon these hostile statements, natural as they were from the mouth of enemies; and writers of eminence in the present day, touching on this question, have declared their conviction that, in both the foregoing cases, the invaders have been calumniated by the nations they overcame. But, admitting that the destruction of monuments was, from accidental causes and continued warfare, as complete as the fiercest hostility could have rendered it, and as happened in Persia after the conquest of that empire by Alexander, and the dissensions of his generals at his death (results, we would submit, by the way, not necessarily originated by Grecian barbarism), it becomes a curious question how much of the ancient system of Egyptian lore remained for restoration by the

\* Some reason, surely, might have been assigned for this opinion if tangible.

Ptolemies, and whether this could have much exceeded the, on all points, parallel case of the restoration of the Persian magi and their system under Ardeshir Babegan,—a restoration stigmatised by almost all writers as grossly corrupt, and utterly unworthy of credit; though warmly asseverated as perfect by the Persian priesthood, from that time to the present.

We must further notice the singular fact that, after surviving the Greek and Roman interruptions, the system of Egypt finally yielded, not so much to pure Christianity, as to the influence of the Platonic school of Alexandria. A monstrous, absurd, and overloaded system of belief would scarcely, and with difficulty, admit the simple light of truth, for it would expose too clearly the folly of its teachers; but mingle this truth with speculations and abstract fantasies, and the change is so much less in itself, and so much more consonant with the previously vitiated taste of idolatrous priesthood, that, since an alteration must be made and an improvement has become inevitable, the old errors are speedily modified into the new, and the purer system, by a greater perversion, is wrested to the fraudulent purposes of the worse that preceded it.

Mr. A. Cory has done well, we think, to omit all fanciful remark and conjectural illustration; and it augurs happily to find so young and able a writer, in a field, too, that, from its scantiness of facts, leaves so much room for the vulgar temptation of display, satisfied to confine himself to the real object of exhibiting his original as it stands.

The nakedness of the text, indeed, and the needful correction of the notes, leave room for a sadly suspicious commentary. Are we in possession, however imperfect, of what the Egyptian priests knew and believed, or only of their mystifications? Our studies with Wilkinson, Perring, Prisse, Birch, Pote, and others, have infused strange doubts. Who will solve them?

We devote some space to so important a subject; and from the authentic first book, by Horapollo himself, give extracts to illustrate our scepticism, and the absolute confusion of symbolic types:—

"To denote a mother, or vision, or boundary, or foreknowledge, or a year, or heaven, or one that is compassionate, or athena (*neith*), or Hera (*saté*), or two drachmas, they delineate a vulture."—No. XI. book I. p. 23.

Ten attributes for a single symbol, masculine, feminine, and neuter, though,

"The race of vultures, as I said before, is a race of females alone."—*Ibid.* p. 27.

Compare this with the following:—

"To denote *Hephestus* (*Phthah*) they delineate a scorpion and a vulture; and to denote athena (*neith*), a vulture\* and a scorpion: for to them the world appears to consist both of male and female (for athena (*neith*), however, they also depict a vulture); and, according to them, these are the only gods who are both male and female."—XII. book I. p. 29.

Again we find:—

"To denote the moon, or the habitable world, or letters, or a priest, or anger, or swimming, they portray a cynocephalus."—P. 31.

It seems farther, by the note, that the cynocephalus is a form of *Thoth*, as *Ioh*, or *Pooh*, the moon. These specimens shew confusion enough; but when we proceed to the explanations given by Horapollo, we cannot sufficiently express our astonishment at the hopelessness of

\* To denote *Phthah*, they delineate a scorpion; and a vulture to denote *neith*? (Worse and worse.)

the system altogether. "The cynocephalis denotes the moon, because it has a kind of sympathy with it at its conjunction with the god;" for "then the male cynocephalis neither sees nor eats, but is bowed down to the earth with grief, as if lamenting;" and the female, it seems, is still worse off. "Hence, even to this day, cynocephali are brought up in the temples, in order that from them may be ascertained the exact instant of conjunction of the sun and moon."

This was an odd way of calculating eclipses. Again:—

"They symbolise by it the *habitable world*, because they hold that there are seventy-two primitive countries of the world; and because these animals, when brought up in the temples, and attended with care, do not die like other creatures at once in the same day; but a portion of them dying daily is buried by the priests, while the rest of the body remains in its natural state, and so on, till seventy-two days are completed, by which time it is all dead."

The next is even better evidence of Egyptian science:—

"They also symbolise letters by it, because there is an Egyptian race of cynocephali that is acquainted with letters; wherefore, when a cynocephalis is first brought into a temple, the priest places before him a tablet, and a reed, and ink, to ascertain whether it be of the tribe that is acquainted with letters, and whether it writes."

The remaining explanations are nearly as wise; but is it possible that Horapollon and his brother-priests could seriously believe in these absurdities? Yet they are given to the world seriously, we perceive, and by one of the sacerdotal class—the learned of Egypt, who must have believed in the existence of the cynocephalis as here specified, since he has favoured us with its *natural history*; as with that of the vulture (pp. 23 to 26), in the same strain of oracular idioecy.

One or two more specimens will suffice:—

"*A wasp flying in the air signifies either the noxious blood of a crocodile or a murderer.*"—XXIV. Book II. p. 103.

"*Seven letters included within two fingers (rings?) symbolise a song, or infinite, or fate.*"—XXIX. Book II. p. 106.

Important labours of every kind are generally attended with an indirect effect, even more important than any that has been directly sought or contemplated. The doubts which a careful examination of this volume will excite are a case in point. With such explanations, if they deserve the name, of Egyptian symbolic wisdom, we are forced into exclaiming, "Is this all?" Can, indeed, any thinking mind of the present day, that considers the work, written by a scribe of Egypt versed in its sacred traditions, skilled in its sciences, and contemporary with the current acceptations of symbols and sagacity, really be satisfied with these weak solutions, and tortuous and impossible combinations and complexities of meaning? Yet the authority that gives them is their own, and therefore unquestionable. And is this all their wisdom could devise, and nothing more? Was such the unchanging system of Egyptian antiquity? or its more modern corruption, in a degenerate age, that had lost the key of the symbols, and sought to substitute it by mysticism? Let our readers refer to the book itself for an answer.

We are much pleased with the publication, not only from the execution and precise value of the work, and beauty of the illustrations, but

also from the fact that its suggestion originated with a munificent patron of Egyptian research—Lord Prudhoe, to whom it is dedicated;—an individual, too, of a class whose education and influence point them out as the properest sources of patronage to all pursuits that enlarge the intellect of mankind, and afford no other return to their followers. We are glad to see the example followed by others of no less elevated station.

In the act of laying down the pen, we receive a work avowing the very doubts we have suggested, and to some considerable extent; to which we shall speedily revert.

*Letters from Italy to a Younger Sister.* By Catherine Taylor. Vol. II. 12mo. pp. 354. London, 1841. Murray.

THIS second volume of Miss Taylor's *Letters* concludes a graceful contribution to our juvenile literature. In teaching the young, we find it frequently happen that the more aged may derive much information from the same source; and so it is with this very agreeable work. A great deal of reading of the best authors has been reduced to an easy, instructive style, and being inspired by a personal narrative, is rendered, though light, impressive. From Rome, the writer goes to Naples, and treats of its history, scenery, antiquities,—of its carnival, of Pompeii, of Vesuvius, &c. &c., and returning to Rome, a similar course is followed, and again at Florence, Bologna, Ferrara, Venice, and Milan.

From these varieties we shall endeavour to pick out an extract or two, to shew that though, of necessity, most of the matter is derived from others, our fair author has sometimes something original to tell us.

At Venice, she writes:—

"At four o'clock we were 'once more upon the waters,' steering for the island of St. Lazzaro, which lies near the Lido, and on which is situated the Armenian convent. Of this fraternity Lord Byron speaks in the highest terms of praise; during his residence in Venice he was a constant visitor there, spending many hours of almost every day in learning the Armenian language from the fathers. It was our good fortune to have as our guide round the establishment the monk who had been his instructor, the Father Paschal whom he mentions in one of his letters to Mr. Murray as 'a learned and pious soul.' He seemed delighted to talk of his former pupil, and all he said interested us deeply. With the violence of Byron's passions, his uncontrolled feelings and misdirected energies, the worthy father could have no sympathy; but his bright eye kindled with pleasure and pride as he pointed out to us the chair which Byron always occupied, the corner of the table at which he used to study, and his own place beside him. There was something strangely interesting in listening to this monk, as he spoke of one whose path in life had led through scenes so different from his own, and whose character had been formed amidst such opposite influences:—the one finding peace, and rest, and happiness (for his whole countenance bespoke it), in the quiet fulfilment of his daily duties, within the narrow sphere of a monastic life; while the other, wealthy and of noble birth, endowed with talents such as earth rarely sees, free to wander where he would, was a prey to his morbid fancies, the victim of his own unhappy feelings, seeking in every quarter of the globe that peace which awaited him only in death. Father Paschal told us, that often when he arrived at the convent he was full of

discontent, out of humour with himself and disgusted with the world; 'Then,' said the good man, 'I endeavoured to blend a gay and cheerful tone with more serious thoughts, and gradually he regained serenity.' He prosecuted the study of the Armenian language with great diligence, and succeeded in conquering many of its difficulties. He assisted in compiling an English and Armenian grammar, and lent his aid in a translation of the Bible, made by these monks from a manuscript in their own language, which they assert to be the most ancient extant. Opening the small drawer of a table, Father Paschal drew out a sheet of paper, and begged that one of us would read it aloud. It was a copy of the following fragment, which was found among Lord Byron's papers; I am tempted by its interest to extract it. 'At this period I was struck—in common, I believe, with every other traveller—with the society of the Convent of Saint Lazarus, which appears to unite all the advantages of a monastic institution without any of its vices. The neatness, the comfort, the gentleness, the unaffected devotion, the accomplishments and the virtues of the brethren of the order, are well fitted to strike the man of the world with the conviction that 'there is another and a better' even in this life. These men are the priesthood of an oppressed and a noble nation, which has partaken of the proscription and bondage of the Jews and the Greeks, without the sullenness of the former or the servility of the latter. This people has attained riches without usury, and all the honours that can be awarded to slavery without intrigue. But they have long occupied, nevertheless, a part of the 'house of bondage,' who has lately multiplied her many mansions. It would be difficult, perhaps, to find in the annals of history a nation less stained with crimes than that of the Armenians, whose virtues have been those of peace, and their vices those of compulsion. But whatever may have been their destiny, and it has been bitter, whatever it may be in future, their country must ever be one of the most interesting on the globe, and perhaps their language only requires to be more studied to become more attractive. If the Scriptures are rightly understood, it was in Armenia that Paradise was placed—Armenia, which has paid as dearly as the descendants of Adam for that fleeting participation of its soil in the happiness of him who was created from its dust. It was in Armenia that the flood first abated, and the dove alighted. But almost with the disappearance of Paradise itself may be dated the unhappiness of the country; for though long a powerful kingdom, it was scarcely ever an independent one; and the Satraps of Persia and the Pashas of Turkey have alike desolated the region where God created man in his own image.' A printing-office is attached to the convent, from which many curious ancient Armenian manuscripts have issued; these circulate widely in Armenia, together with various works translated from the European languages; amongst the latter we saw a 'Paradise Lost,' dedicated to Lord William Russell, who had studied Armenian in the convent, and assisted in making the translation. We were shewn the printing-office, the church, and the library; the latter is a pleasant, cheerful-looking room, filled with books. Whilst one of the brethren took the gentlemen of our party to the different cells, we awaited their return in the garden with our kind host, still conversing of Byron."

At Florence:—

"We have spent some hours this morning in the famous Laurentian Library, which is one of the most valuable depositories of ancient manuscripts in the world, containing upwards of nine thousand. We had a letter of introduction to the librarian, by whom we were received courteously, and permitted to examine some of these rare and valuable treasures of ancient literature. The enormous volumes, in their venerable parchment bindings, with gold or silver clasps, are arranged on desks, which project in rows from the wall on either side of the long room, down the whole length of which a passage is left. Before each desk is fixed a bench, and many of these were occupied by students; the ponderous tomes are chained to the desks—a custom which has been handed down from the remote times when these books were esteemed a still more rare and precious possession than at present. Many manuscripts of the fifteenth century were shewn to us, and among them the 'Divina Commedia,' the 'Decamerone,' and a Breviary illustrated. The ancient illuminated manuscripts which are preserved in this library are very valuable, as specimens of an art to which we are apt to attribute too little importance. Before the invention of printing, the copying of manuscripts was an art upon which the greatest pains were bestowed: the clearness and beauty of the writing is marvellous, and the labour and time which these works required rendered them extremely precious. The artist employed to ornament them with minute pictures and painted initial letters, was called the illuminator; the small painting was termed a *miniatura*, from the *minium*, or red lead, chiefly used in the ruder styles of the art. Thus you see that the art of miniature-painting, which was originally confined to the illustration of works as a subsidiary ornament, has been handed down to the present day as a distinct branch of painting. The illumination of manuscripts was held in much repute as early as the eighth century; it was cultivated, with many branches of knowledge and science, by the monks in the retirement of their cells, and employed in the service of the church. Like the coarse mosaics in some of the old churches, and the specimens of fresco-painting found in the catacombs, these paintings are rare and precious remains of ancient Christian art. Miniature-painting, or the illumination of books, assumed a greater importance on the revival of art in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The artists now painted with better taste, and different brilliant colours (especially ultramarine) were used, together with vermilion. The works they illuminated were principally rituals, missals, and breviaries, and many artists in the higher walks of painting thus employed their talents: Ghirlandajo was one who carried it to great perfection. The oldest manuscript in the Laurentian Library is a copy of Virgil of the third century, written in the time of the Emperor Valens; it is in excellent preservation, with one leaf alone missing, which is in the Vatican: many others have been made to the Pope for its purchase, but he cannot be induced to part with it. Perhaps the most interesting manuscript is that of the *Pandects* of Justinian. This famous code of Roman laws, which form the basis of all modern jurisprudence, was discovered in 1137 at Amali, where, amidst the disturbances in Italy during the invasions of the northern hordes, it had been placed for safety; the manuscript belongs to the sixth century, and we can but marvel at the wonderful manner in which it has been preserved through so many centuries and vicissitudes; every letter is dis-

tinct, every paragraph legible. There are thirty folio volumes of the *Pandects* in this library; the other twenty, which complete the work, are, I believe, in the University of Pisa. The finger of Galileo is preserved here in a glass case; and we also saw the celebrated letter of Dante, containing his refusal to return to Florence."

#### Travelling by night:—

"We stopped—not rested—that night at Covigliajo, a wild little village situated in the heart of the mountains. The inn at which we halted was as wretched a one as I have ever seen, more like an abode of banditti than a place in which weary travellers could hope to find rest and shelter. As we entered through a dark kitchen, the bright blaze from an enormous fire on the hearth revealed to us figures which it required no stretch of fancy to imagine mountain-robbers—wild, savage-looking men. Passing on, we ascended the narrow gloomy staircase, and found ourselves in a large barn-like room, where, seated around long tables, busily engaged in their supper, were several *vetturini* and other men. Small lamps hanging from the ceiling served but to make the darkness visible, and cast the groups into deep shadow. Our saloon was one corner of this apartment, and we were only separated from the party occupying the larger share of the room by a curtain. Neither the loud voices of these men, nor the steam arising from their savoury messes, tended to increase the comfort of our miserable accommodations, and we early retired to our beds. To seek sleep was vain: no sooner had we vacated our corner of the sitting-room than it was invaded by a host of people, and, as our apartments opened from this nook, we found little rest. Before the nocturnal noises had well ended, those of the morning began; the stamping of horses, the grumbling of the *vetturini*, the rushing to and fro of heavy-footed maidens, drove all hopes of repose from our minds, and we gladly arose early to depart. We felt the cold of this elevation severely after the sultry heat of Florence; snow had fallen in the neighbourhood of Covigliajo the evening before we arrived. The following day we stopped to rest our horses at a little inn called I Poggiali; and while dinner was preparing we walked out, wandering through fields, scrambling down banks, and crossing little brooks. The sun was shining brightly, the birds singing, and flowers of the richest colours grew beneath our feet: all Nature seemed bursting into life and beauty, refreshed by the late rains, and gladdened by the sun's rays. I added more to my little *hortus siccus* during this walk than I had done for several months.

#### 'Fair Italy!'

Even in thy desert what is like to thee?  
Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste  
More rich than other climes' fertility!"

*Tarsia*.—"In a former letter, I think, I mentioned the wood-mosaics of the cathedral at Pisa; these, with the specimens found in the following cities, are amongst the most beautiful remains of the art in Italy:—Florence Cathedral; St. Mark's and St. Francesco della Vigna, in Venice; St. Michele in Bosco, in Bologna; and those I have before mentioned in Bergamo and Verona. The choir of the cathedral at Malta contains some singularly fine works in *tarsia*; not only do they deserve admiration from the exquisite mechanical workmanship displayed in their execution, but from the grace of the figures and beauty of the designs. Some drawings from these made by a Maltese artist, and now in the possession of Mrs. Austin, have given me a juster sense of

the perfection which the art of *tarsia* had attained than any specimens I have seen in Italy. Lanza observes that, not only were architectural and arabesque designs taken as the subjects for these wood-mosaics, but adds, that figures were introduced, and that artists imitated the different styles of the Italian schools of painting: thus he mentions the heads of the apostles in the Certosa at Pavia, by Fra Damiano, as formed 'sul gusto della scuola del Vinci.' The subjects of these works were often chosen with reference to utility rather than ornament: at a period when printed books were rare and geographical maps unknown, pictures of countries and plans of cities were often formed in this mosaic. Had any of these been preserved, how valuable would they have been in the present day; how many curious facts relative to antiquity would have been transmitted to us, of which no vestige now remains! The art of *intarsiatura* has been completely lost; and, while we lament its extinction, we must yet confess that it was better adapted to the age in which it was so successfully cultivated, than to the present times; the peaceful seclusion of the cloister being eminently adapted for a pursuit which required the utmost patience and accuracy."

*A Narrative of the March and Operations of the Army of the Indus, in the Expedition to Afghanistan in the Years 1838-1839. Illustrated by a Map, Views of Candahar, Ghuznee, and Cabool, and Various Tables. Comprising, also, the History of the Doornanee Empire from its Foundation to the Present Time.* By Major W. Hough, 48th Regiment Bengal Native Infantry, late Deputy Judge Advocate General of the Bengal Column, Army of the Indus, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. circ. 540. London, 1841. Allen and Co.

AFTER the publications we have already had on the subject of this expedition, we should imagine that the present dry military itinerary can have few claims to attention, except that the details may be useful to Indian authorities and officers with the prospect of similar services before them. A good map is, perhaps, the best feature in the work; and a sketch of the Doornanee empire the only literary matter to which we can point as of any general interest. From the whole mass we can pick but three short paragraphs as containing any novelties, and these hardly worth reference. Thus we are told:—

"The European troops of our army had no 'rum' from the time we left Candahar, till a supply came from India, after the campaign. Owing to eating the fat Doornabee mutton, which is rich, and drinking the water of the country possessing an aperient quality, they suffered much from bowel complaints. Whatever may be the opinion of the 'Abstemious Societies,' all sound medical men declare the sudden deprivation of spirits to be injurious."

*The Ghuznee Sword*.—"I must not omit to mention that the famous 'Ghuznee Sword' was sold by auction at Ferozpoor for 4150 Rs. (425*l.*), and purchased by Sir John (now Lord) Keane. Subsequently I hear it was purchased by the Bombay Column for 6000 Rs. and presented to H. Excy."

*H. Excy.* is a contraction for His Excellency, as cavy., arty., &c. &c. throughout the volume, stand for cavalry, artillery, &c.

"Shah Soojah-ool-Moolk, whom we seated on the throne (says Major Hough), is about sixty years of age. His personal appearance is commanding. His demeanour is that of a



nobleman of high birth, accompanied with much dignity, and his manners are affable. Of all the kings of the Suddozye race, he is the most humane. From having found an asylum under the British govt. for twenty-four years, gratitude is, I believe, his predominant feeling. The residence of a British envoy and minister at his court is well calculated to give a superior tone to his govt., and to guard his majesty from any act which might be likely to weaken the moral effect of the change. His restoration may be viewed both in the light of justice and policy. Those who are admirers of a democracy may exclaim with Baber in favour of Dost Mahomed Khan :—

'Ambition admits not of inaction;  
The world is his who exerts himself.'

Those who are in favour of kingly power, will hope, as I do, that Shah Soojah may never experience the emperor's picture of a king :—

'In wisdom's eye, every condition may find repose,  
But royalty alone.'

And he adds in a note :—

"I must not omit to mention his literary acquisitions. During his residence at Loodianah, Sir C. M. Wade (the Pol. Agent, through whom he corresponded) induced the Shah to write his own 'Life and Adventures,' in Persian. A translation was made by Lieut. Ellis, 23d N.I. I hope to see the publication of this work, which is said to be written in elegant Persian. The life and adventures of the king, of which I have given a faint outline, are interesting."

We have only to add that there is scarcely an attempt at arrangement in this diary; and that it is accompanied by copies of general and other orders, proclamations, statistical tables, returns of troops, stores, hospitals, casualties, &c. and some meteorological observations.

*Fragments from German Prose Writers.*  
Translated by Sarah Austin. Illustrated with Notes. 12mo. pp. 359. London, 1841. Murray.

SOME of these fragments have appeared in a periodical publication, and the whole collection, though not formed with any express design or orderly object, is well calculated to afford a taste of the beauties and peculiarities of the principal German prose writers. There is not enough, perhaps, to enable us to frame an opinion of the characteristics of the nation and its literature, but there is enough to mark their distinctions from the rest of the world, and to amuse and inform the readers of other countries. Mrs. Austin considers the prominent quality of Germany to be earnestness; and that wit, humour, or persiflage (so eminently French), do not belong to them. The pet phrase "suggestive," is applied to the whole, as well as to Goethe; and a number of biographical notes respecting these suggestive authors adds much to the merit with which our intelligent translator has endowed her desultory and pleasant volume. We have nothing further to offer by way of introduction; and can only quote a few of the shorter extracts as specimens of the rest :—

*Lessing.*—"If the world is to be held together by lies, the old, which are already current, are just as good as the new."

*Merkel.*—"Ordinary people regard a man of a certain force and inflexibility of character as they do a lion. They look at him with a sort of wonder—perhaps they admire him—but they will on no account house with him. The lapdog, who wags his tail, and licks

the hand, and cringes at the nod of every stranger, is a much more acceptable companion to them."

*Novalis.*—"The most perfect specimens of ordinary women have a very acute and distinct perception of all the boundary lines of every-day existence, and guard themselves conscientiously from overstepping them. Hence their well-known and remarkable uniformity. They cannot bear excess, even in refinement, delicacy, truth, virtue, passion. They delight in variety of the common and accustomed. No new ideas—but new clothes. Fundamental monotony—superficial excitement. They love dancing, on account of its light, vain, and sensual character. The highest sort of wit is unsufferable to them—as well as the beautiful, the great, the noble; middling or even bad books, actors, pictures, and the like, delight them."

*Von Knebel.*—"He who can take advice is sometimes superior to him who can give it."

*The same.*—"There are in certain heads a kind of established errors against which reason has no weapons. There are more of these mere assertions current than one would believe. Men are very fond of proving their steadfast adherence to nonsense."

*Jean Paul.*—"We celebrate nobler obsequies to those we love by drying the tears of others than by shedding our own; and the fairest funeral wreath we can hang on their tomb, is not so fair as a fruit-offering of good deeds."

*A. W. v. Schlegel.*—"Duclos remarks that few distinguished works have been produced by any but authors by profession. In France, this class has long been held in respect. With us, a man used to be esteemed as less than nothing if he were only an author. This prejudice still shows itself here and there, but the force of honoured examples must in time crush it. Authorship is, according to the spirit in which it is pursued, an infamy, a pastime, a day-labour, a handicraft, an art, a science, a virtue."

*The same.*—"There are days in which we are in a most felicitous vein for the conception of new images and projects, but can neither communicate nor mature any of them. These are not thoughts, they are only the ghosts of thoughts."

*Lessing.*—"I hate all people who want to found sects. It is not error, but sectarian error—nay, and even sectarian truth,—which causes the unhappiness of mankind."

*Rahel.*—"It is indifferent in what condition we are, if we are not in that we wish for."

*Oehlenschläger.*—"The plays of natural lively children are the infancy of art. Children live in the world of imagination and feeling. They invest the most insignificant object with any form they please, and see in it whatever they wish to see."

#### CAPT. HARRIS'S WILD SPORTS. [Conclusion.]

ON the return of our gallant sportsman, by a course so stoutly opposed, we are told :—

"The route towards an opening in the mountains led us nearly due south, through an exceedingly rich and fruitful part of the country, abounding in verdant savannahs and hamlets, around which large droves of cattle were indulging in luxuriant pasture. These were tended by armed herdsmen, and we were at first surprised to observe the oxen leave their grazing, and flock around our wagons as they proceeded, snorting and exhibiting signs of

pleasure, as though in recognition of objects with which they were familiar. The appearance shortly afterwards of several hundred Matabili warriors in their war costume explained the riddle, and we knew that these must be some of the cattle taken from the unfortunate emigrants. Shortly before this, Mohanyom, our guide, had left the wagons, and proceeded to a kraal at some distance, for the purpose of communicating to 'Lingap, the subordinate captain of whom I have before spoken, and who resided there, the king's orders that he should attach himself to our suite. The consequence of this ill-judged proceeding was, that we were deprived of his services at the very moment when they were most required. The warriors not perceiving any of their own tribe with our party, and having had their hands so lately imbrued with the blood of white men, could think of nothing but war and plunder. Suspecting, or rather hoping, that we had found means to enter the country without the king's knowledge, they closed round the wagons with every demonstration of hostility, accosting us with insolence, and peremptorily commanding the drivers to halt; several, at the same time, placing themselves in front to obstruct the passage. The Hottentots looked aghast, and *Cœur de Lion*, in a state of extreme agitation, fainted when he saw a number of wounded warriors borne past on the shields of their comrades, whilst others groaned under the weight of accoutrements that had been stripped from the bodies of the slain. Our situation was now critical. Andries, whether from terror, or the disgust excited by his supercession at Kapain, shewed no disposition to extricate us by an explanation of the true state of affairs. No one else understood a word of the language. The crowd was fast encroaching upon us, and their pacific intentions becoming momentarily more questionable. Some even clambered into the wagons, overhauling their contents, whilst others cast a longing eye at the oxen and sheep. The unhappy Andries was at length seized by a brawny savage, an event which proved highly favourable to us, for in his agony of distress at the supposed approach of death, he found his tongue, and stuttered out a brief intimation of our having been the honoured guests of the king. The name of Moselekatse acted like magic on his followers. The barbarians were instantly appeased, and, in a few seconds were petitioning in an abject tone for snuff, beads, and tobacco, allowing us to proceed on our way rejoicing. The warriors were all clad in their full costume, which was more complete than that I have already described. It consisted of a thick fur kilt, called *Umcooloolooloo*, composed of treble rows of cats' or monkeys' tails, descending nearly to the knee. A tippet, formed of white cows' tails, encircled the shoulders, and covered the upper part of the body, the knees, wrists, elbows, and ankles, being ornamented with a single oxtail fasted above the joint. Several of their targets bore marks of the recent conflict, being drilled with musket balls, and they carried with them the arms of those who had perished, to place them at the foot of the king—having left the bodies of their comrades, as usual, a prey to vultures and hyenas; for no funeral obsequies ever honour the deeds, or crown the devotion and bravery, of a Matabili warrior. Nothing could be more savage, wild, and martial, than the appearance presented by this barbarian army returning to their despotic sovereign, wreathed with laurels and laden with spoils. We continued to meet large straggling parties during the whole of the day, and

could not have passed fewer than five or six thousand head of captured cattle. Contrary to the practice of the Kafirs, the Matabili prefer attacking in open ground, rushing in at once upon their foes, striking their bucklers by way of intimidation, and stabbing with their short spears, of which a sheaf or bundle of five or six is taken when going to war. So terrible is this mode of combat to the unwarlike Bechuana, that one Matabili champion is a match for fifty of them. In the late affair, however, they received a severe lesson in the superiority of firearms, of which, since the signal defeat of Barreds' Griquas, in 1831, Moselekatshe had entertained a great contempt. Kalipi had found the emigrant farmers several days' march to the southward of the position they occupied when Erasmus's effects were captured. Being apprised of the approach of the barbarian horde, they had drawn up their wagons in a close circle, fortifying the enclosure with thorn branches, and defending themselves so stoutly that they beat off the assailants with terrible slaughter, wounding Kalipi, and obliging him to retire from the conflict. Plunder is the principal object of all savage warfare, and although, fortunately for the cause of humanity, he failed in carrying into effect the orders of his incensed and blood-thirsty master, to massacre the males without quarter, sparing only the women and young girls that were calculated to grace the imperial seraglio, Kalipi had yet succeeded in the more lucrative object of his expedition; he retired from the field of carnage, sweeping before him the whole of the flocks and herds of the emigrants, that were grazing in thousands upon the verdant plains of the Likwa, leaving the late flourishing camp an immovable and shattered wreck in the wilderness.

Over the evening fire, Lingap favoured us with the particulars that he had been able to collect regarding the attack on the emigrant farmers, extolling Kalipi's bravery to the skies. Himself a warrior of tried courage, he had formed one of the commando that captured Erasmus's wagons. His eyes glistened as he spoke of the pleasure he had derived from feeling his spear enter white flesh. It slipped in, he said, grasping his assagai and snitting the action to the word, so much more satisfactorily than into the tough hide of a black savage, that he preferred sticking a Dutchman to eating the king's beef. When sufficiently sated with roast meat, and primed with snuff, he treated us with a love ditty, in the course of which he looked most killing. Both he and Mohanycom were much elated at Kalipi's success, and as the evening advanced, being joined by a large party of friends, they all struck up a war chorus in praise of the king, which they continued until a late hour, howling and dancing until they were exhausted. We could never arrive at any interpretation of their songs, and of this in particular, beyond what I have already given. Strange though it must appear, it is a fact that, whether from fear or superstition, the devotion of these savages to their tyrannic chieftain amounts to positive adoration. Present or absent he absorbs all their praises, and is the only idol they worship. The following were the words repeated with occasional transposition, ten thousand times:—

O Lili bukalee, Bunka Bae  
O nwang & nae subhookana-shee,  
Ai bunka bae—Hibo, hi bo, hi bo bo-shee.

Dancing served in the place of music, and was nothing more than an accompaniment to the song, of which the pathos and feeling were

indicated by the contortions of the body, and by the various figures described with the hands, in which they flourished a club of rhinoceros' horn. The feet regulated the time, and imparted the locomotive effect in which they rejoice. At first they were slowly lifted, to descend again with a single or double stamp; and the sticks being gently clashed at the same moment, the correspondence was both diverting and striking. But as the performers warmed upon the exercise, their gesticulations became more and more diversified, vehement, and energetic—leaping, striding, vaulting, and running, they perpetually crossed each other's orbits, stabbing, parrying, thrusting, advancing, and retreating, with so light a foot, and so rigid a muscle, that the eye could with difficulty follow the velocity of their motions; now darting to the right, and then as abruptly recoiling to the left, they brandished their sticks aloft, increasing in vehemence by each *detour*; then vaulting several feet into the air, leaping, galloping, and charging, in pantomimic conflict, they made the ground resound under their feet, and raised a cloud of dust by the eagerness and rapidity of the exercise, until, foaming and frenzied by their tortuous movements, they fairly sank beneath the tempest which they had stirred. To the bystander this scene conveyed all the reality of the wildest conflict of savage life; the darkness of the night, with the peculiar light shed over the features of the frantic group by the blazing fire, contributing greatly to heighten the impression it produced. In consequence of the absence of the warriors, we had not an opportunity of witnessing any of the great national dances in which the king himself acts a prominent part, but the effect of these public spectacles may be estimated by what I have described.

A gigantic savage of a subordinate tribe of the Baquaina, a conquered nation to the northward, here accidentally joined us. He was a perfect ogre in dimensions, six feet four inches high, and stout in proportion. From him we learned that there was a large herd of elephants on the opposite side of the mountains, out of which he had speared a young one the day before. We proceeded under his guidance, and threading a pass in the mountains formed by the dry channel of a ravine, through which a wagon might be brought with little difficulty, sat down to breakfast by a refreshing mountain rill. A large colony of pig-faced baboons shortly made their appearance above us, some slowly advancing with an inquisitive look, others deliberately seating themselves on the rocks, as though debating on the propriety of our unceremonious trespass on their domains. Their inhospitable treatment at length obliging us to make an example, we fired two shots among them. Numbers assembled round the spot where the first had struck, scraping the lead with their nails, and scrutinising it with ludicrous gestures and grimace. The second, however, knocked over one of their elders, an enormous fellow, who was strutting about erect, laying down the law, and who, judging from his venerable appearance, must have been at least a great grand-sire. This national calamity caused incredible consternation and many affecting domestic scenes. The party dispersed in all directions, mothers snatching up their infants, and bearing them in their arms out of the reach of danger with an impulse and action perfectly human.

The following is curious, and shews how universal the custom is:—

"Near the summit grew a venerable mimosa,

which completely overshadowed the path, and a little on one side of it we observed a large heap which had been formed by each passenger contributing one of these pebbles as he passed. Our savages added their mite, simply picking up the nearest, and casting it irreverently towards the hill. This being the only approach to external worship or religious ceremony that we had seen, we naturally became very inquisitive on the subject, but could elicit no satisfactory information. Mohanycom said it was 'the king,' from which very sapient reply we were left at liberty to conclude, either that the tumulus was a monument of respect to royalty, or that they had been engaged in an idolatrous rite. The former is the most probable; for, amongst the Matabili, the reigning monarch, whilst he absorbs all their praises, is the only deity. He it is, in the opinion of this benighted race, that 'maketh the rain to fall and the grass to grow, that seeth the evil and the good, and in whose hands are the issues of life and death.' They have no idea of a Creator, so far as we could learn, or knowledge of a future state; nor could we ascertain that by the term 'king' they ever referred to any being beyond the despot who presides over their mortal destinies."

We need not dilate on the myriads of animals seen and slain by the gallant captain and his comrades. Elephants, lions, giraffes, rhinoceroses, hippopotamus, buffaloes, ostriches, gnos, zebras, elands, and many other antelopes, were incredibly numerous; and many of them were not despatched without great peril to their assailants. Of the elephant we are told:—

"From the highest peak we saw several herds of buffaloes, and whilst descending came upon the tracks of a huge bull-elephant that had passed about an hour before. This being the largest foot-print we had seen, I had the curiosity to measure it, in order to ascertain the animal's height—twice the circumference of an elephant's foot being, it is notorious, the exact height at the shoulder. It yielded a product of about twelve feet, which, notwithstanding the extravagant traditions that have been handed down, I believe to be the maximum height attained by the African elephant."

At nearly the end of their excursion and having penetrated the Vaal and country which they found it so difficult to obtain permission to cross, our countrymen were beset by bushmen hordes, and had, perhaps, as narrow an escape as any even among the more distant savages:—

"There being yet no glimmering of dawn, we halted for a few minutes behind a group of rocks to reconnoitre; and a council of war being held, it was decided that we should ascend the hill on the opposite side, and having carried the enemy's position in reverse, by a *coup de main*, should shoot all who made any show of resistance. Dismounting, therefore, and leading our steeds, we noiselessly groped our way among crags and brushwood to the summit of the hill, which, although rather abrupt in front, was spread out into undulations behind. Here the horses, having been fastened together by the bridles, were left in charge of one of the Hottentots; the rest, with us, creeping on all-fours towards the table-land occupied by the enemy, of whose increasing proximity our noses began now to apprise us. Cautiously peeping with uncovered heads over a natural parapet, we could presently perceive their fires burning about two hundred yards in advance; and thus securely ambushed, scarcely



daring even to breathe, we awaited the approach of dawn with a degree of nervous impatience which may be estimated by those who recollect that, upon its successful issue, the salvation of our wagons and property almost entirely depended. Whilst thus watching the cold darkness of night, which seemed as though it would have lasted for ever, the bright morning-star—that joyous herald whose appearance I had never hailed with greater delight—suddenly shot like a rocket above the horizon. A faint light immediately pervaded the eastern sky, before which, as it gradually increased, the stars appeared to fade away, while the earth still continued in night. Imperceptibly, almost, this light had presently given place to a ruddy tint, which speedily extended itself over the whole vault of heaven; but though the outline of objects in the extreme distance could now be indistinctly traced, those immediately about us were yet shrouded in darkness. Around, all was silent as the tomb, not a zephyr disturbing the death-like stillness that was reigning. As objects became gradually plainer, the forms of several conical huts could be distinguished, and lastly, by a still less dubious light, the prostrate carcasses of many of our oxen became visible, a surfeited old vulture, the genius of desolation, here and there mounting sentry over them. Alas! it was then as we had feared; but, if indeed we were irretrievably ruined, our moment for taking vengeance had arrived. Stealing over the parapet, every rifle was noiselessly cocked, and a finger flew to every trigger, as, with palpitating hearts and wary tread, we approached the wretched wigwags. Wo unto that luckless wight who had there been found sleeping; he would never have woken again. But, though smouldering fires were smoking in various directions, every cabin was deserted; and having visited each in succession, and diligently searched every nook and corner, without being able to discover a solitary human being, we turned for a moment to contemplate the tragic scene before us. Nineteen of our gallant oxen, swollen and disfigured with many a wonton wound, were stretched in the wild enclosure, from which arose the most sickening of savage odours. Lean dogs,

\* Gorging and growling o'er carcass and limb.

held their carnival over the dead, but were too busy even to bark at our intrusion; while torpid vultures, distended to such a size that they could with difficulty hop out of our way, were perched like harpies upon the surrounding rocks. It was by this time broad daylight, and a few of our oxen being, to our great delight, perceived standing at the foot of the hill, a party was immediately detached to take possession of them, while we glanced over the field of slaughter, to ascertain the extent of our loss. Side by side at our feet, and swollen almost to bursting, from the effects of a subtle poison, were Holland and Olifant, the two sturdy wheelers of our choice *Naudé span*,\* which had never failed to extricate us from every difficulty. Near them, and weltering in a pool of blood, lay Lanceman and England, the steadiest and staunchest of our leaders. Passing onwards, our attention was next attracted to a headless trunk, and at no great distance from it—the white eyes glaring upon us as if still alive—was the hornless cranium of *Mutlee*. Every eye turned upon the catiff Andries, and peals of ill-timed merriment burst from every Hottentot mouth. The arm of retribution had for once descended on a

right worthy victim. Maddened with rage at the heart-rending prospect before us, again and again did we search every chink and cranny, and unweariedly did we cast about for the trail of the marauders. 'Grim satyr-faced baboons' railed hoarsely at us from their rocky clefts, and, to whichever side we turned, the slope of the hill was besprinkled with mouldering human bones; but, after the closest scrutiny, no object could be discovered upon which to wreak our vengeance. A rheebuck, that our early approach had disturbed, having bounded through the encampment, and given the alarm, the 'dwellers with owls and bats,' although doubtless spectators of all that we were doing, had effectually concealed themselves from observation, and, after the strictest search, nine tracks only could be discovered. Of these, six were females, and one was that of our bewitching acquaintance. Barely four inches in length, but yet fully developed, there could be no mistaking her footmark; and it now became evident that, whilst she and her elfin colleagues had been aiding and abetting to our ruin from the very commencement, our pluckless followers had fled, not from the overwhelming host, which their heated imaginations had conjured into existence, but from the empty challenge of a woman, given from a position to which, either on horseback or on foot, they could have ascended without the smallest difficulty! Completely frustrated in our endeavours to chastise the authors of our heavy misfortunes, we at length descended the hill in order to muster the remnant of our ill-fated teams; and little less melancholy was the prospect that there awaited us. Exclusive of the old cow, and the equally useless black bull, neither of which were touched, seventeen drooping wounded wretches, with glazed eyes, and fallen crests, were huddled together, their coats standing on end—some shivering in the last agonies of death, and many others barely able to rise. In addition to sundry wounds which had been inflicted by our merciless and malicious foes whilst urging them across the plain, the unfortunate animals had recently received many cold-blooded gashes, bestowed, apparently, with the design of rendering them unserviceable to us; and, thus crippled, it was not without infinite labour and difficulty that we eventually succeeded in driving them to the camp, which we reached long after the sun had sunk in the west. On our way thither, visiting the demon kraal, we found a filthy area, inclosed by masses of rock heaped together by the hand of nature, and overgrown with wild olives; but inhabited only by meagre curs, which had been left by the vindictive sprites, to guard, during their absence, from the assaults of vultures, the garbage and putrid skins with which the trees were festooned. Taking a review of the whole of this most melancholy affair, it was poor consolation to reflect that the catastrophe had been brought about by a tissue of the grossest neglect, pusillanimity, and mismanagement on the part of our followers. Next to the inexcusable want of vigilance, and subsequent credulity of Andries, in which the whole mischief had originated, came the needless and provoking loss of time on the morning of the 4th, followed by an extraordinary lack of energy and zeal, on the part of the Hottentots who were sent in quest of the truant. The retreat of the marauders, whose adroitness in driving off cattle has already been noticed, was doubtless greatly favoured by the undulating character of the ground; but if, instead of plodding on the trail, the mounted men had galloped in advance, and reconnoitred

the country, there can be no doubt that the event would have been widely different. An examination of the footmarks shewed that Piet, in the first instance, without any reason whatever, had turned back when actually within a quarter of a mile of the plunderers, whom he must have seen had he ridden to the brow of the next eminence. And even after the golden opportunity of retaking the greater portion of our oxen had been thrown away through the cowardice of Andries and Cobus, still the day might have been retrieved, had those doughty characters been persuaded to accompany me to the hill, as I repeatedly urged them to do. In the end, it appeared that the former of these worthies had some days before sold his ox to the latter for a stipulated sum, which was to be paid on arrival at Graaff Reinet; and never was their apathy and indifference to the interests of their masters more perfectly illustrated than on the present occasion—the irreparable loss which we, through their agency, had sustained, having been totally merged in a dispute which had arisen between the two principal delinquents, as to which was to be considered the owner and loser of the one-eyed *Mutlee*. It rained pitilessly during the night, and in the morning three of our oxen were stiff and cold, four others being quite unable to rise. The accursed women, who had in a great measure been instrumental to this disastrous state of affairs, had nevertheless in some degree assisted us in finding the remedy—the pretty Bush-girl having informed us that there was a boor's habitation about two days' journey to the westward of our camp. To that quarter every eye had been anxiously turned; and as another cheerless evening closed upon us, unusual columns of dust which arose in the distant horizon, appeared to be indicative of flocks returning from pasture. It was, therefore, resolved that I should set forth immediately in that direction in search of assistance, leaving Richardson to proceed to a point agreed upon at whatever pace six suffering oxen could transport our heavy vans; and that, failing to discover the farmer's residence, of which even the existence was extremely uncertain, I should make the best of my way to the colony, now probably less than 100 miles distant, whence, having procured fresh teams, I could return to the relief of the wreck with all practicable expedition."

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*The Bishop. A Series of Letters to a Newly Created Prelate.* Pp. 332. London, 1841. How and Parsons.

WE have great pleasure in recommending this volume to general perusal. Under the form of letters to a newly created bishop, the author takes a temperate and admirable view of the duties imposed by the episcopal character; and in so doing, reads lessons of infinite religious, moral, and social, of public and private value, not only to the whole clergy of the empire, but to the laity of every class. There is a fund of truth and wisdom in the work; and the moderation of its arguments, as applied to the existing state of things, points it out as a standard among the polemical writings of the day.

*Up the Red Sea and down the Nile in 1839.* Pp. 97. London, 1841. Smith, Elder, and Co.

A CONCISE journal of travel from Bombay to Alexandria, which will be a useful pocket companion for other travellers by the same route. We do not, however, find any particular information to require extract for the

\* Ten oxen usually compose a span, or team.

general reader. The author mentions the perfect idea of the antiquities of Upper Egypt which is conveyed by the drawings of Mr. David Roberts.

*Dr. Bowring's Matins and Vespers, with Hymns, &c.* Third Edition, Altered and Enlarged. Pp. 278. 1841. London: Green. Edinburgh: Tait.

It is grateful to the mind to witness a man deeply engaged in statistical researches, and immersed in political business, retiring from the bustle and evil passions connected with these pursuits, to seek repose and consolation in the gentler feelings of humanity and the cheering consolations of religion. This little volume bears testimony to the happy dispositions of Dr. Bowring in these respects, to say nothing of the poetical and literary talent it displays; and we are glad to see that it is a third edition. It is equally creditable to the public and the author.

*The Wye and its Associations. A Picturesque Ramble.* By Leitch Ritchie, Esq. Pp. 211. London, 1841. Longman and Co.

MR. RITCHIE, holding the pen of a ready writer, has already adorned the banks of the Seine and the Loire with his descriptions, as Mr. Mackay has more recently illustrated old Father Thames. The class of subjects is always light and pleasing; and it is impossible for an author with a feeling of the beauties of Nature to wander by the fresh and refreshing stream, enlivening the face of the land, and ministering to the emerald growth of herb and tree, without having much to communicate which will touch a responsive chord in many a heart. Thus it is with the author's ramble on the limpid Wye, from "huge Plinlimmon" to its junction with the Severn, near Chepstow. It is studded with objects of various attractions,—poetical, historical, antiquarian, and natural,—enow to make a large volume, though Mr. Ritchie, with good taste and judgment, has contented himself with a small one, a charming guide for any excursion on the river, and very pleasant to read any where else. From such a production extracts are uncalled for.

*A Selection from the Physiological and Horticultural Papers, Published in the Transactions of the Royal and Horticultural Societies.* By the late J. A. Knight, Esq. 8vo. pp. 364. London, 1841. Longman and Co.

THOUGH long delayed, it is well that this tribute of justice and gratitude should at last see the light. It is true that hundreds of later experiments, importations, productions, and discoveries, have improved upon the knowledge communicated by Mr. Knight; but still there is an example in his proceedings, and a wisdom in his principles, which render the record of his life, prefixed to this volume, and the selection of his most valuable papers an offering eminently deserving of the study of every horticulturalist.

*A Familiar Introduction to the History of Insects;* being a new and greatly improved edition of the *Grammar of Entomology.* By Edward Newman, F.L.S. Z.S. &c. 8vo. pp. 228. London, 1841. Van Voorst.

WE have marked above in Roman type the character of this publication, which is truly a very acceptable mixture of the *dulce et utile*. Mr. Newman does not take too much knowledge for granted, but beginning at the beginning, fairly illustrates his subjects till we find that his is the beginning of the end. We cordially recommend his volumes not only to entomological students, but to all lovers of animate nature, who, instructed by his pages, will

discover endless interest in every rural walk,—ay, or London parlour window-seat,

"From morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve."

*The Peasant and the Prince.* By Harriet Martineau. pp. 355. London, 1841. Knight.

THIS is the second of Miss Martineau's quarterly publications, and by drawing a picture of the despotism which misgoverned France and produced the revolution, seems intended as a political lesson to the rich and powerful of our own country, who are pretty plainly told that if they do not allow the poorer classes to enjoy more of the gifts of God, a similar retribution will fall on their heads.

*Woman, &c.,* by E. S. Barrett, Esq. Pp. 102. (London, Colburn).—A new edition of a poem justly eloquent in praise of woman, with four worn-out engravings after Westall.

*The College-Entrance and School Virgil, &c.,* by Richard Galbraith, editor of the "Eton Latin Grammar," &c., and Prolegomena, by Henry Owgan, Trinity College, Dublin. Pp. 54. (Dublin, Machen).—This is an excellent school edition of Virgil, the first six books of the *Æneid*, and the text of Wagner; the Prolegomena ably written, and the English notes collected from Heyne, Wagner, and other learned Continental commentators and critics, supplying all the information of which the student can stand in want. We have not seen a more careful or instructive publication of the class, and we heartily recommend it.

*The Art of Contentment,* by Lady Packington. Pp. 174. (London, Burns).—A new edition of a simple moral homily, kindly enforced for the improvement of mankind. It is edited by the Rev. Mr. Pridden, Vicar of Broxton.

*Works of W. E. Channing.* Part I. (London, Washbourne).—Pursuing the fashion of the day, this is the commencement of a cheap reprint of the works of Dr. Channing, to be completed in four parts. It contains reviews, and displays much of the critical acumen and acknowledged talent of this able American writer.

*Life and Times of Thomas Cranmer.* (London, Green, Bristol, Philp and Evans).—Under the title of "Standard American Literature," this is another very cheap reprint of a valuable religious and historical work. Translated from the French of Des Michels, by T. G. Jones. Pp. 177. (London, Churchill).—Another piece of advice for invalids, and a guide to the restorative climate of Nice. Dr. Farr recommends Bagnères de Bigorre as the best resort for scrupulous and consumptive patients.

*Lectures on the English Poets,* by W. Hazlitt. Edited by his Son. Pp. 407. (London, Templeman).—A neat edition of a portion of the late Mr. Hazlitt's literary labours, than which no other does more honour to his talents.

*Chapters on Churchyard.* Pp. 304. (London and Edinburgh, Blackwoods).—A new edition of Mrs. Southey's popular work, which will doubtless go through other reprints, since it possesses so many features of fancy and feeling to interest the general reader.

*A Manual of the History of the Middle Ages, &c. &c.* Translated from the French of Des Michels, by T. G. Jones. Pp. 374. (London, Nutt; Whittaker and Co.).—A useful little manual, which conveys much intelligence within a short annual-like compass. Young people will find a great deal to instruct and entertain them in it.

*The Poetical Works of Edward Young, L.L.D.* Complete Edition. *Robbery,* by Sir W. Scott. (London, Smith).—Further issues of Mr. Smith's cheap "Standard Library." The whole of the poetry of the author of "Night Thoughts" for a crown is a public boon, for there is not a line which will not tend to improve the hearts and minds of every order in society; and the more choice writings are disseminated among the poorer classes, the more good will be done.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### SOCIETY OF ARTS.

H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, President of the Society, delivered the annual prizes this year. The following are the awards in mechanics and other practical arts:—

To Mr. Andrew Ross, 33 Regent Street, for his spherometer, the silver medal.

To Mr. W. Harrison, Newhaven, for his life-apparatus for shipwreck, the silver medal.

To M. Henri de Jay de Beaufort, Périgueux, Dordogne, France, for his self-acting vice for carpenters, the silver Isis medal.

To Mr. David Thomas, 18 Goswell Road, for his apparatus for preventing the guttering of candles, the silver Isis medal.

To Mr. Thomas Weeks, 2 Bull's Fields, Woolwich, for his machine for tinning sheet-copper, the silver medal.

To Mr. William Hill, 12 Tottenham Court, New Road, for a valve for the large pipes of organs, the silver medal.

To Mr. Hugh Powell, 24 Clarendon Street, Somerset, for his mode of mounting the body of a microscope, the silver medal.

To Benjamin Barrow, Esq., 59 St. Ann's Street, Liverpool, for a splint for fractured limbs, the silver medal.

To Mr. Robert Murray, 129 Regent Street, for his process for taking voltatypic impressions from non-conducting substances by means of plumbago, the silver medal.

To Lewis Thompson, Esq., Royal Polytechnic Institution, for his method of assaying the ores of manganese, the gold Isis medal.

To Mr. Ed. Bentley, 41 Moorgate Street, for his method of preserving vegetable juices, the silver medal.

To George Simpson, Esq., 6 Bedford Street, Bedford Square, for his anatomical models constructed in papier-mâché, the gold Isis medal.

To Messrs. D. and H. Potts, 5 Selby Street, West, Waterloo Town, Bethnal Green, and 1 Samuel Street, Bethnal Green, for their loom for weaving wicker chair-bottoms, the silver Isis medal and six guineas.

To Mr. William McGrath, 10 Mape Street, Waterloo Town, Bethnal Green, for his improved roll for weaving velvet, &c.

To Mr. S. Gildersleve, 7 Providence Street, White Anchor Lane, Bethnal Green, for his shuttle-boxes for weaving wide velvet, two guineas.

To Mr. James Slater, 37 Robert Street, Hart's Lane, Bethnal Green, for his shuttle-boxes for weaving wide velvet, three guineas.

To Mr. Samuel Larwood, 9 James Street, Church Street, Bethnal Green, for his shuttle-boxes for weaving wide velvet, three guineas.

To Mr. Wm. Rooke, 17 Russell Court, Drury Lane, for an apparatus for throwing the shoot of wide woven fabrics, three guineas.

The thanks of the Society were voted to six persons for various inventions; 49 prizes were voted to amateurs in the fine arts; and seventeen to artists for drawing, &c.

### ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

BALANCE carried to Society's account on 1st June, 1173s. 8s. 10d. During May, 21,940 persons visited the Gardens. The young giraffe is thriving as well as can be wished. The birth of this animal, about which so much interest had been expressed for some months, both in and out of the Society, took place on Thursday fortnight at three o'clock in the afternoon. Owing to the judicious arrangements adopted on the present occasion, no person whatever being permitted to enter the compartment, or interfere with her in any way, the mother acknowledged her offspring from the first, permitted it to suck freely, and still appears much attached to it. The Council, however, considered it proper to keep her secluded for some days. The young one, named Albert, is now exhibited to the public: though only a fortnight old, it is seven feet in height. The most confident hopes are entertained of being able to rear this interesting animal to maturity,—a fact which, it is believed, has never been accomplished before in a domestic state.

### BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

FRIDAY, June 4. Mr. Reynolds in the chair.—Presented by Dr. Killikelly (of Indiana), a specimen of *Tillandsia Usneoides*, from the banks of the Mississippi.—Read, a paper "On the Periodical Decortication of the Genus *Eucalyptus* in Australia," by Dr. John Lhotsky, whose several writings have described the characteristics of Australia, and the peculiarities of its geological and botanical features, especially those of the genus *Eucalyptus*, and the many uses to which they are applied by the New Hollander.

### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

#### ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

JUNE 5th.—Sir G. T. Staunton in the chair.—A paper was read by Lieut. Newbold, of the Madras army, containing a narrative of a visit made by himself, in June last, to the Gibel Nakus, or Mountain of the Bell, on the peninsula of

Mount Sinai. This curious hill has been long celebrated for the extraordinary musical tones elicited from it, which have generally been compared to the deep booming of a church-bell. Of the cause of the phenomenon many opinions have been broached. The Arabs in the neighbourhood, with their ordinary propensity to a belief in the marvellous, attribute it to the real bells of a subterranean convent swallowed up by some convulsion of nature; and the Christian monks of Mount Sinai countenance the belief, by the idle story that the sound was first heard after the destruction of one of their convents in its vicinity. The ideas of European travellers on the matter have been sometimes scarcely more reasonable. Some have supposed the sounds to be caused by the dropping of sand into the cavities of the rocks; others, by its motion over hollow rocks; others, again, have attributed them to subterranean volcanoes; and a few have supposed that the action of the wind upon the elastic plates of mica, which is a component part of granite, may have been the origin of the sound. Lieut. Newbold seems to have proved that the opinion of Capt. Wellsted is correct, that the sound is produced by the rolling down of the sand put in motion by the wind, or by persons walking on its surface. Lieut. Newbold left Wadi Tor, on his visits to the Mountain of the Bell, on the 10th of last June. After two hours' riding and a short walk of half-an-hour, he reached the place, which he described as a belt shaped hill, from 350 to 400 feet in height. On its western side, which faces the Red Sea, is a slope of about eighty feet, covered with a very fine quartzose sand, varying in depth from five or six inches to as many feet, according to the form of the sandstone rock which it covers. This is the spot from whence the mysterious sounds issue. Not the slightest noise was heard; but their Arab guide, desiring them to wait still at the bottom of the slope, began to ascend the slope, sinking to his knees at every step. The travellers soon heard a faint sound resembling the lower string of a violoncello slightly touched; and being disappointed at the result, determined to ascend themselves, in spite of the intense heat of the sun and extreme fineness of the sand. On reaching the summit they sat down to observe the effect. The particles of sand set in motion agitated not only those below them, but, though in a less degree, those all around them, like the surface of water disturbed by a stone. In about two minutes they heard a rustling sound; and then the musical tone above alluded to, which gradually increased to that of a deep mellow church-bell, so loud that it rivalled the rumbling of distant thunder. This occurred when the whole surface was in motion; and the effect upon themselves the travellers compared to what they supposed might be felt by persons seated upon some enormous stringed instrument, while a bow was slowly drawn over the chords. They descended while the sound was at its height; and soon after it began to lessen with the motion of the sand, until, at the end of a quarter of an hour, all was perfectly still again. Lieutenant Newbold remarked that the surface of the sand was in every part traversed by waves, or furrows, from one to two inches in height; and, from the triangular form of the face of the slope, increasing in length as they got nearer the earth; he also noticed that the sand in motion, when near the top, produced shriller notes than when lower down, and, consequently, that the lowest notes were heard at the bottom. He appears, from this,

to draw some analogy between the increasing length of the waves and that of the chords of a stringed instrument. While the experiment was making, there was a steady breeze from the west blowing against the surface of the sand; and this he considers essential to the production of the sound, it having been found that the sounds are much fainter in still weather, or even quite inaudible. When the weather is wet, no sounds are produced, because the sand is then agglomerated, and will not slide at all. The paper concluded with a remark by Lieut. Newbold on the singularity of the phenomenon, observing, that he had seen in Spain, Arabia, and Egypt, many localities where loom-sand had accumulated under circumstances apparently similar to those of Gibel Nakus, but where nothing has been heard of a similar nature; at the same time he regretted that leisure and opportunity did not admit of an examination of localities sufficiently minute to put the matter beyond doubt.—Adjourned.

## ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

LORD COLBORNE in the chair.—The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.—At this meeting Mr. Hamilton read some interesting remarks 'On Antiquities recently Explored at Athens,' and particularly in the Temple of Bacchus and the Piræus.—Mr. Hamilton now read a Report of an intelligent traveller in Upper and Lower Egypt in 1802, immediately after it was left by the French, and giving a very interesting account of the state of the country.

## SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HAMILTON, V.P. in the chair.—Mr. J. G. Nicholls exhibited a silver seal, believed to be of the time of one of the three first Edwards. By a mechanical contrivance it could be altered so as to be used as a secretum, or privy seal. It was that of Thomas de Prayers, and is now in the possession of E. P. Shirley, Esq. of Eaton, having descended to the family of Lord Ferrers, from its original possessor, through a heiress of the families of Drayton and Lovell.—Sir Henry Ellis communicated a letter from Sir John Smith, a soldier of fortune, temp. Elizabeth, to Lord Burleigh, and dated in 1590, complaining of lack of advancement for his services in Spain and England; and also of the suppression of a book written by him on the state of the naval service, and a newly introduced discipline.

## LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Geographical, 9 P.M.  
Tuesday.—Horticultural, 3 P.M.; Linnean, 8 P.M.; United Service Institution, 3 P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.  
Wednesday.—Geological, 8 P.M.  
Thursday.—Royal, 8 P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Numismatic, 7 P.M.  
Saturday.—Asiatic, 2 P.M.; Mathematical, 8 P.M.

## FINE ARTS.

## CALOTYPE (PHOTOGENIC) DRAWING.

ABSTRACT of Mr. Talbot's paper 'On Calotype,' read before the Royal Society, June 10, 1841. The process described is briefly as follows:—Paper is covered with iodide of silver, by washing it successively with nitrate of silver and iodide of potassium. Afterwards it is washed over with gallo-nitrate of silver, the greater part of which is removed by immersion in water, but enough adheres to render the paper exceedingly sensitive to light. The paper is then dried and placed in the camera obscura, and the image of a building or other object is generally obtained in less than a

minute. The image, however, is usually quite invisible; and the mode of rendering it visible (which is the most curious part of the Calotype process) consists in washing it again with gallo-nitrate of silver, and then gently warming it, which generally causes the appearance of the picture with great force and vivacity in the space of a minute or less. The gallo-nitrate of silver is formed simply by mixing solutions of nitrate of silver and gallic acid. The operation requires to be executed with great care and precision, but is not difficult in other respects. The theory of the process remains, however, at present unexplained.

## PICTURE SALE.

THE late Marquess Camden's pictures, to be sold to-day at Messrs. Christie and Manson's, are rather a choice collection—the whole number seventy, and the paintings not of great size. They are all in fine condition, i. e. not much hurt by time, and not much hurt by being cleaned or improved. Among them 36, an original of Hogarth, by himself, is an interesting relic; 48, a female embroidering, Watteau,—a superlative sketch by that master, who has other more finished things, but none like this; 50, landscape, with a hay-cart, Lingelback, a wonderful specimen of the artist; there is a spot of water on the foreground, in the left, worth all the flat country on the right, extraordinary as that is; 56, Borgognone, 'The March of an Army,' superlative; 57, a glowing Rubens landscape; 59, a landscape with boors, Jan Asselin, which must exalt the value of this little known painter greatly in the opinion of our amateurs; 64, 'Virgin and Child,' C. Maratti, as charming an example of him as could be wished; the child's head is quite a Correggio's; 70, 'The School,' by Jan Stein, perhaps the best of his works in existence. There are also Teniers, D. Teniers, Polembergs, Wilson, and other attractive productions.

## ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Concluding notice.]

THERE are three rooms in which we have done little more than peep in our preceding critiques; and, indeed, when it is considered that there are 1343 subjects in the Exhibition, we fear that we may have passed many worthy of remark in those we have more narrowly inspected. We must now, however, bring up our leeway as best we can.

*Drawings and Miniatures.*—In the apartment allotted to this mixture, 587 to 592, some fine enamels by H. P. Bone deserve notice and commendation; the same is due to Mr. S. J. Rochard's portraits, 589, 627, &c.; and the same to Mr. A. E. Chalon's numerous productions, including elaborate whole-lengths of the *Prince and Princess of Capua*, 644, *Lady John Scott*, and 657, so gaily dressed a picture of *Mrs. Thwaites*, that a wag observed it was "Like Tea and Turn out!" Mr. G. Jones, R.A. contributes some classic sketches: 653, *Cicero*, &c., 665, *Clælia Escaping from the Camp of Porcena*, and others of high merit as compositions in that range of the arts. Among the likenesses are many of "gentlemen" who do not look very gentlemanly, and of "ladies" the very reverse of ladylike; but what can the most flattering of artists do with native ugliness and inbred vulgarity? Both can pay, both are vain, and both must be painted and exhibited.

The Miniatures display much merit and beauty. Mr. A. Robertson has some small but exquisite performances; see 700, R. Harri-



son, Esq., as an example. Mr. W. C. Ross has the Queen, Prince Albert, courtiers, and people of all ranks, and all treated with uncommon and appropriate talent. Mr. S. Lover, besides several fine heads, has two pictures of rather singular character.—750, a frame in the shape of the figure 8, with two female heads admirably executed; and 814, *Going to Ride*, a large full-length of a beautiful woman, which is very striking, and justly occupies a centre place in the wing among these miniature excellencies. The main centre, in their distribution, is assigned to Sir W. J. Newton's grand picture of *The Homage to Her Majesty*, which is charmingly painted, and with which our only fault is that the Dukes of Sussex, Cambridge, Wellington, &c. &c., are all in the prime of youth: long may they enjoy a green old age! 752, *Mrs. Sterling*, of the Haymarket, J. W. Childs, is a good miniature, though hardly so pretty and captivating as the original; 848, *A Lady*, by R. Thornburn, and others by the same hand, stand well among the rest; as do, 854, *Mr. Buckingham and Son*, by G. D. Smith; and others by W. C. Ross, A. (864, *Lady Canning*), and Miss Sharpe, Miss M. Gillies, Mr. J. Lord, Mr. G. J. Stump; 858, *Lord Auckland*, by a Hindu artist.

*Architecture*.—Here are some rich and striking elevations, but they are sadly impaired by being intermingled with oil-paintings of every kind and colour.

981. *A Design for Rebuilding Bridgewater House*, by C. Barry, A., is one of the richest designs we ever saw.

The Royal Exchange and New Courts at Liverpool have given occasion to some examples of very honourable competition; but alterations having been made, they can only be viewed as drawings which do credit to the artists.

1032. *Interior of Amiens Cathedral*, J. J. Davis, is a gorgeous performance.

1079. *Design for a Cathedral*. E. Falkener.—A grand design; almost too grand and too Oriental for the abode of Christian worship.

Several excellent medals and medallic portraits are deposited in this department. A *Cupid*, by W. Wyon, is exquisite.

*Sculpture*.—Notwithstanding the exhibition of this branch is in a den rather than a Gallery or a Saloon, it is with pleasure we state that the present year is much superior to many seasons which have preceded it.

Sir F. Chantrey's two bishops, the late Norwich, Bathurst; and Lichfield, Rider; the one seated and the other kneeling, are calm, expressive, and dignified whole-lengths; and his busts, such as 1325, *Joseph Neeld, Esq. M.P.*, shew that his hand is as true as ever to the exact and spirited delineation of the human countenance.

In this respect we must also class the admirable likenesses of W. Behnes. 1335, *The Duke of Beaufort*, 1336, *Colonel Leake*, 1341, *The Archbishop of Armagh*, are speaking evidences to this truth, and his whole-length marble statue of *Lady Emily*, the infant daughter of His Grace of Beaufort, is a most charming and lifelike production.

Similar praise belongs to a similar statue of a daughter of J. Y. Bedford, Esq., 1250, by P. Hollins: who has a more finished work and of yet higher pretensions, in a statue of Mrs. R. Thompson, 1220, part of a monument to her. It is a simple and affecting reclining figure, with a pious, elevated expression, and altogether worthy of the subject and the artist.

1219. *Eve Listening to the Voice*, by E. H.

Bailey, R.A. is one of the finest works ever chiselled in the English school, and Mr. Neeld, for whom it has been done, possesses indeed a treasure in this *chef d'œuvre*. The attitude and look are perfect; listening is in every feature and in every turn of body and limb. And the marble is flesh; you fancy you could indent it with a touch. The upper side, from the shoulder to the swell of the hip, is particularly to be observed; not from being superior to the other parts of the form in nature and grace, but in a decision more different from older models than we are accustomed to see in modern art. One gazes at the whole nobly imagined and charmingly embodied work, and, perhaps, some may breathe an inward prayer that all her daughters resembled their first mother, Eve.\*

The same artist has a bust of *Prince Albert*; of whom, indeed, there are a multitude of likenesses in every department of the exhibition,—except, perhaps, the architectural!

1287. A cabinet bust of *H. R. H.*, and another of *The Queen*, by J. Francis, deserve to be named with applause among his other busts.

1222. *Dorothea* (Don Quixote), and 1240, *The Wounded Clorinda*, by J. Bell, are fanciful statues of the romantic school which do him much honour. We should guess that the same model served for both, which would account for a slight want of grace in parts; but the general effect is all that could be desired. 1242 is a good statue of the Queen by the same.

1223. *Prayer*. P. Macdowell.—A lovely composition. The mouth alone does not entirely please us, but all else is of the purest and most touching order.

1224. *Apollo*. W. G. Nicholl.—We cannot say much for.

1225. *Ariel* (released from the Pine-tree). R. Westmacott, A.—A very charming performance, and skilful embodiment of a difficult conception. The tree rent asunder discloses the imprisoned sprite, and the character of its pleasing flight is sweetly anticipated.

1226. *Statue of a Warrior*. P. Park.—A terrible fellow;—ideal—terribly unideal.

1227. *Lord Byron's Grandchildren*, by the same, gives us no idea of their beauty.

1228. *Flora*. E. G. Papworth.—A simple and elegant statue. But 1229, *Little Nell*, lying dead, from Dickens's tale, is the masterpiece of this artist. It is most natural and most pathetic.

1231, 1236. Two basso-reliefs by J. Gibson, of rare beauty. The first, a mother, child, and a goat, is delicious; the other, *Hero and Leander*, a glowing classic.

\* We have great pleasure in inserting some appropriate lines on this subject.

On *Bailey's Statue of "Eve Listening to the Voice,"* in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy.

Eloquent marble! can it be

That thou art cold and senseless ever?

There seems a soul beneath thine eyes;

Thy ripen'd lips, that gently sever,

Appear to whisper as we gaze;

Life seems to start in every feature,

To throb in every rounded limb;

As if thou wert a breathing creature;

And beauty, innocence, and grace,

Pervade thy form and light thy face.

Bewitching stone!—Pygmalion's self,

Could he come here, would kneel before thee,

And break his heart in passionate love,

And only see thee to adore thee.

Cover thy beauty with a veil—

Yet no—thou'rt pure as man's first mother;

So chastely warm—so innocent,

Thy beauties vie with one another.

We turn away our dizzy sight.

And mingle reverence with delight.

May 17th, 1841. CHARLES MACKAY.

1239. *Gangmede*. C. Smith.—A well-conceived figure, with a Phrygian cap.

1243. *Nymph coming out of a Bath*. 1244. *Girl going to Bath*.—The former, by R. J. Wyatt; the latter, by Mr. Macdowell, already mentioned. They seem to be companions, and both are very beautiful works. Modesty, timidity, and gracefulness, pertain to both; and we rejoice to see such ornaments to our national Exhibition.

A *Statue of the late Sir R. Colt Hoare*, 1245, by R. C. Lucas, is very honourable to him. 1263. A droll little statue of Farren in the "Spanish Curate," is a fair specimen of the talent of C. A. Rivers; and we have to conclude, with regret, that we have a bust and a small basso-relievo to notice from the distinguished studio of Lough.

We have but one useful brush more to which to pay our compliments; and they are due to the artist who swept the crossing to the Royal Academy during the late sloppy condition of the streets, and who, besides pecuniary encouragement, deserves to be attached to the Institution in an honorary manner.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Sir Robert Peel*. By Sir T. Lawrence. Engraved by F. C. Lewis. London, Graves and Co.

As a companion to the full-size Wellington this is a masterly likeness. The features of Sir R. Peel are not strikingly marked; we speak as far as observation allows from seeing him in public places. But it is not impossible to conceive that a person of such taste and love for the arts, and so distinguished as a statesman, must have expression when moved by stronger than every-day emotions, such as Lawrence has caught in this masterly delineation. It is a splendid portrait, and we presume that thousands of Conservatives will hail it as their own at this (for the publisher) auspicious conjuncture.

*The Lady Evelyn Leveson Gower, and the Marquess of Stafford*. By E. Landseer. Engraved by S. Cousins. London, Graves.

We believe this is Mr. Graves' first appearance as a distinct publisher, Mr. Hodgson having retired from the firm, the name of which is on the plate; and we congratulate him on his *début*. It is one of the most delightful publications of our school. The picture possessed all the feeling, taste, and talent of Landseer; and in the engraving, Cousins has done justice to the painter. The lovely girl and noble boy are but the human sentiments—types, as it were, of the animal harmony which pervades and gives interest to the creation of fawn and dogs, which sympathises with the key-tone of love, wherewith all is directed to the Lady Emily. It is a delicious group; the very leaves of the trees, and the quiet hound, which looks most disinterested, compose in perfect unison with the elegant and yet fascinatingly natural design.

*Views in Afghanistan, &c. &c. from Sketches taken during the Campaign of the Army of the Indus*. By Sir K. A. Jackson, Bart. Allen and Co.

A GREAT dandy of Affghaun and a great gun of Ghuznee, as frontispiece and vignette, introduce us to these views, which embrace a variety of objects of Oriental interest—scenery, fortifications, storming attacks, ruins, minarets, travelling, costume, cities, navigation, tombs, and, in short, the most remarkable features in the territories lately invaded by the British

army. They are executed on a large scale, and with a combined aspect of fidelity and spirit which strongly recommends them to our approbation. We should say, from comparison with other Eastern works of the same kind, that they are accurate in relation to truth and clever in relation to art—tinted lithography.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

SIR DAVID WILKIE.

It is with deep and heart-felt sorrow that we record the death of Sir David Wilkie, at Gibraltar, on the 1st instant, and on his voyage homeward from the East by the Oriental steamer. Of his genius it needs not to speak, seeing that his works have exalted him to the highest place among the masters of modern art, by the universal consent of the world. As a private individual he was no less rarely gifted. To fine perception and sagacity were united in him a pure integrity and beautiful simplicity of character, which endeared him to all who had the happiness to be numbered among his friends. He was incapable of an unkind or ungenerous feeling; and though he never disguised a thought, or concealed a sentiment, there was so plain and distinct a straightforwardness in all he said or did, that however you might differ from his opinions, you could not but respect and admire the man. Alas, dear Wilkie! big with the hope of his restoration to us rich in means for new and noble creations of his pencil; we have only to lament his sudden loss—his death in a foreign land.

Since writing the above brief tribute to the memory of our eminent friend, we have learned a few particulars of his melancholy fate in which the public will feel a saddening interest. Sir David was in perfect health and high spirits on his arrival in Malta. Every part of his expedition had been exciting and gratifying. He had every where received honours due to his talent, and been employed on works of new and singular character, the last being a portrait of Mehemet Ali. He had filled his mind with images which only required his art to elaborate into the noblest productions; and his portfolio was enriched with materials for pictures to be the delight and admiration of future ages. Thus triumphing in past fame, in present distinction, and in future hope, our incomparable national artist bade adieu to the ancient land of Egypt, by giving a social entertainment to the consul, Mr. Waghorn, and other parties who had facilitated his travelling accommodations, and shewn him hospitality on these remote shores. He departed full of enjoyment. At Malta, he was induced by the climate to partake too incautiously of fruit, and increased the feverish disposition which ensued by still more incautiously resorting to the cooling effects of ice. After leaving the island his illness increased so much that he was for two days confined to his cabin, when the weather having become most delicious, his companion, Mr. W. Woodburn, about six o'clock on the morning of the 1st of June, was desirous of tempting him to the deck to taste its refreshing influence. To his invitation he answered that he would do so, but would first like to see the doctor. He was called up for this purpose, and so alarmed by appearances, that he sought the assistance of the medical gentleman who was attending Sir J. Carnac from Bombay (a Dr. Blackett, we believe). He accordingly visited the patient, and was immediately struck with dismay by the symptoms he observed. Mr.

Woodburn was informed of the imminent danger, and, alas! in two hours their apprehensions were but too truly confirmed, and Sir David Wilkie was a corpse. He spoke to Mr. Woodburn, but breathed heavily when he announced to him the unfavourable opinions upon his case. Owing to the strictness of the quarantine laws, when the vessel put back to Gibraltar, which it had just left with the mail, it was not allowed to take the body on shore for interment; and the same dread of plague operating in other respects, both with regard to its being retained in the ship, where there were eighty passengers, or landed on arrival in England (after staying the period of detention), it was judged best to commit it, with such feeling and solemnity as the occasion called for, to the eternal deep. There, and not in the country he adorned, are deposited the remains of our great painter and beloved compatriot.

The son of the minister of Cults, of a secluded and pastoral part of the County of Fife, in his early boyhood his inborn genius broke forth; and at twenty years of age he was already distinguished for his brilliant promise in the arts. He speedily realised the highest expectations formed of him, and has for a long, but far too short a period, continued to produce works that have spread the reputation and elevated the name of our British school throughout the world. Sir David Wilkie was only fifty-five years of age; and during his residence in the metropolis (much of late in the neighbourhood of Kensington), his establishment was superintended by a most amiable, affectionate, and devoted sister, possessed of all the sympathies of an attached wife as regarded his pursuits and cares, and to whom a nation's condolence is justly due on the calamity which has so suddenly befallen her. Sir David had also an affectionate brother, a merchant in the city, most deeply affected by his loss.\*

SIR R. WILMOT HORTON.

ANOTHER of the men who belong to posterity was last week taken from us prematurely, at the age of fifty-seven. As a statesman and man of highly cultivated mind, of taste and of letters, few of his contemporaries could compare with Sir Robert Horton. His government of Ceylon will be a lasting monument to his political worth and ability; and his many productions on the most important questions which occupied the age in which he lived—education, emigration, colonial policy, and the improvement of society in every practicable way—will long be referred to as containing the ablest and clearest expositions of these important subjects. In private life a more amiable, intelligent, and estimable gentleman never existed.

#### THE DRAMA.

*Drury Lane.*—*Euryanthe* was produced here on Monday to a good house. As it is one of Weber's finest compositions, so is it one of the most difficult for perfect execution. The singing, therefore, on Monday night, though surpassing fine in parts, was unequal; we will pass our simple judgment on the principal parts, leaving it to such of our readers as may see the opera upon our recommendation—and, with all its imperfection, it is well worth a visit—to coincide with us or not. Herr Emerich being hoarse, we missed some passages to which he is capable of doing justice. We regretted to see Herr Tichatscheck occasionally straining his naturally delightful voice in

\* Mr. Woodburn is still in quarantine off the Motherbank.

order to produce an effect: this is quite unnecessary, such an organ needs nothing beyond its natural sweetness and power to recommend it; and, indeed, with the exception of this evident blemish, his performance of *Adolar* was excellent. Madame Heinfetter was the *Euryanthe*. The part is somewhat beyond the compass of her voice, and, now and then, the high notes were too shriek-like to be entirely pleasant. We need scarcely say, the passages suited to her were sung with power, sweetness, and feeling. The *Euryanthe* of Madame Heinfetter—we speak it with regret—was a painful effort to accomplish, something beyond her utmost powers: we were sincerely sorry for her. In Herr Staudigl's *Lysiart* we should look in vain for blemish or fault: nothing could be finer; his deep, musical voice, whether singly or in concert, is invaluable, and must be listened to with delight.

*Haymarket Theatre.*—A new three-act comedy called *Belford Castle; or, the Scottish Gold Mine*, was produced here on Thursday. It is an agreeable mixture of grave and gay, serious and comic, skilfully written and excellently acted, and the sensibility and risibility of the audience are kept in continual play. Mr. Maywood's rich broad Scotch tells well in a piece of this kind, wherein the part is evidently written for him. Perhaps he is a little *trop fort* in *Mr. Muckle*, but still clever and characteristic. Mr. J. Webster has a rôle well suited to his talents, and he renders it full justice: the same praise may also be especially given to Strickland's *Mr. Sterling*. The other male characters were well sustained by Messrs. F. Vining, H. Wallack, G. Bennett, and Howe. *The Lady Grace Lorimer* was charmingly and feelingly played by Mrs. Stirling; and *Emily Connor*, quite a different character, no less delightfully by Miss P. Horton, who was *encored* in a pretty canonet. The comedy was quite successful, and its announcement for repetition received without a dissentient voice.

*Adelphi Theatre.*—The Wizard of the North, the father of modern magi, continues nightly to amuse and to astonish his audiences at this theatre. His handicraft is really very clever—his expertness and precision perfect—his digital dexterity beyond belief. His apparatus, also, are curious and ingenious. A visit to Mr. Anderson's entertainment cannot fail to be a satisfactory one.

*Astley's Amphitheatre* has been unfortunately burnt down: from the ruin a new theatrical phoenix will, no doubt, spring; but the calamity affords a fine opportunity to improve the whole area of a capital position "across the bridge."

*Opera Concert Room.*—Mr. Eliason's advertisement for Monday last was so attractive, that the room was quite full for some time before the commencement of the concert. Without going *seriatim* through the programme, which was sadly and unnecessarily deranged, we may particularise as worthy of especial notice a violin quartet splendidly played by Eliason, Vieuxtemps, Blagrove, and Wolfe; "Der Wanderer" (which we have spoken of elsewhere), sung by Herr Staudigl, and at once *encored*; and Rossini's prayer (*Mosé*) by all the vocalists and instrumentalists assembled. Mr. John Parry sung his (in our humble judgment) most un-comic "comic song," "The Singing Lesson;" which was, however, *encored* by a portion of the audience. Madame Persiani did not fulfil her engagement, neither did Herr Tichatscheck! Why? They both sang

charmingly in the evening; the one in *Eury-anthe*, at Drury Lane, and the other at the Societa Armonica.

*Societa Armonica* resumed its agreeable concerts on Monday evening, when, in addition to other well-selected and well-executed music, both vocal and instrumental, Madame Persiani (who was said to be too unwell to sing at Eliason's concert in the morning) was in full voice, and certainly shewed no remains of illness. By an accident the gas was turned off during the performance, and, as a French friend observed, "We had both de-light and de-darkness."

*Hanover Square Rooms.*—Messrs. Kialmark and F. Chatterton's morning concert on Saturday last gave great satisfaction and delight to a very numerous audience. A posthumous quartet (of Hummel's), played for the first time in this country, was given as the opening piece by Kialmark, T. Cooke, Hill, and Lidel. Full justice was done to it. The composition is fine, but not equal. Much and frequent applause was awarded to Kialmark in Thalberg's fantasia on "La Donna del Lago," also to Mr. Chatterton in his fantasia on "Lucia di Lammermoor." This latter instrumentalist played a new fantasia by Parish Alvars, which he gave with great effect. Madame Dorus Gras sang and called forth general and rapturous applause. Her execution and expressive sweetness richly deserved it, as also did Herr Staudigl's "Der Wanderer." The richness and melody of his tones elicited an unanimous encore. Herr Kroff should not be passed over without favourable mention; nor, indeed, should the names of the other performers, both vocal and instrumental, but that they are well known for the able assistance they afford to the numerous concerts during the season. The audience appeared throughout to be as much pleased as Messrs. Kialmark and F. Chatterton must have been.

Michel Angelo Russo and Luigi Elena, two very young instrumentalists, gave a concert here on Wednesday. Russo is a pianofortist, and Elena a violinist. Both are extraordinarily clever, and won loud and merited plaudits from a numerous audience. We are often called upon to notice musical prodigies, but seldom meet with any more promising than these fine little fellows. They were ably assisted by Madame and Signor F. Lablache (the F. left out in the programme, which is not straightforward), Mademoiselle Meerti, Signor Ricciardi, and others.

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

Recollection of Sunset while Passing the Bay of Acre, in March 1839.

ABRUPTLY towering from the rocky shore,  
Where beats the seawave with incessant roar,  
Mount Carmel frown'd above the heaving main,  
And stretch'd his shadows o'er Edrakon's plain;  
Caught on his western slope the slanting beam,  
And quench'd the light on Kishon's ancient stream.  
From Calpha's minarets came the moomin's call;  
The sunset gun from Acre's guarded wall  
Sent its dull boom across the rippling waves,  
And waked the echo in Gibor's caves:  
The convent bell rung forth its vesper peal,  
That swell'd and died upon the passing gale;  
The lonely sea-bird sought his rock-built nest,  
And softly sank the evening breeze to rest.  
The sea in one broad sheet of amber roll'd,  
And all Samaria's hills were touch'd with gold.  
Silence sank down upon the olive grove,  
Save that, at intervals, the turtle-dove  
Broke the lone stillness with her soft, sad cry,  
That seem'd the echo of tranquillity.  
No chilling dews with twilight there combine,  
To mar the glories of the day's decline:  
Down rush'd the blazing sun through cloudless skies,  
And clothed Judea in celestial dyes;  
Bathed ocean, earth, and sky, in floods of light,  
Then sank into the wave—and it was night.

### VARITIES.

*Corn, Currency, Consols, &c.*—Mr. Wyld has just produced another tabular view of these important matters; and also including exports, imports, and annual expenditure, with their relative bearings on each other. It is a very valuable document, and contains more useful information at a short glance than is often contained in volumes. We are left to draw our own conclusions from the facts exhibited.

*Knight's Store of Knowledge.*—A cheap weekly sheet of sixteen pages has commenced with the first portion of a life of Shakspeare, written by Mr. Knight; and is a full and interesting summary of his (probable) youthful days, discussing the various evidences and opinions recorded thereon with much ability. Facsimiles of signatures and entries in Stratford and elsewhere, and well-executed wood-cuts of localities connected with the immortal bard, add much to the pleasure with which we have read this popular treatise, which speaks highly in promise of our new contemporary.

*The Bude Light* (No. I., June. Cunningham) is a good name for a brilliant periodical to shine monthly like a full moon; nor does the first appearance belie the title, for this little booky is a sparkling affair, with smart hits at topics of the times, and fanciful and amusing throughout. Its small silhouette and sketch embellishments are humorous and laughable.

*No. I. of The Journal of Civilisation* (Smith) is the oracle of a society formed for the advancement of civilisation, and embraces a multitude of subjects connected with the condition of mankind in different parts of the globe. We have, to begin with, a wood-cut and account of the North American Indians' buffalo dance; then a retrospect of the earliest histories; then a notice of pigeon-fanciers, of whom it is stated 2000 exist in London, and, by poaching from the tops of houses, train themselves in crime for greater offences; a good deal about New Zealand, with a skeleton map; a sketch of Hong-Kong; and other miscellaneous matters of information spread over the habitable earth.

Boonville, in Cooper County, State of Missouri, February 16th, 1841.

*Discovery of the Remains of Antediluvian Animals.*—A short time ago, a German naturalist named Koch, who has a museum at St. Louis, dug up, near Ocerlo, not far from the river Osage, the skeletons of two animals, which he calls Missourians. The Indians have a tradition that some formidable animals lived here in remote ages:—Their ancestors, they say, related to them that they frequently committed great destruction among the Indians and the buffaloes, but that these monsters had once had a furious engagement with each other, in which they all perished, and were buried by the Great Spirit under a stream. These bones were really found on the spot which the Indians pointed out, about twenty feet below the bed of a small stream, called Pomme de Terre. One of the skeletons, which the writer of this has himself seen, is still in good preservation, thirty-four feet long, sixteen or seventeen high, twelve deep (this, perhaps, is the measurement from the back to the breast), and eight feet broad. The feet are four feet broad at the toes, the leg-bone is forty inches in diameter. The upper jaw, which projects fifteen inches beyond the lower, is furnished on each side with a tusk, twelve feet long, which is at first straight, and then turned a little to the side.

The head, with the tusks, weighs 1100 lbs. The bones have been sent by water to St. Louis, where the owner will put them together, and then exhibit them in the principal towns of America, and afterwards in Europe. Human bones of gigantic size were likewise found, but not sufficiently complete to form a skeleton. The writer of this has lately seen the place where they were discovered.—From the "Universal Gazette" of Cassel.

"Party, under whatever name, in this country is only a strife for the transfer of wealth and power from one faction to another; mankind's truest benefactors belong to no party; they are of no side, but are a species of political polygon, and present a face of sympathy unfeigned towards all classes, all parties, all men, and all societies of men.—Gower's Monopoly-graph.

### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The Paris journals announce that the Ex-Queen of Spain is about to publish an account of her reign of eleven years.

### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Letter to Lord Bexley on the Collision between the Civil and the Church Courts in Scotland, by A. Keith, D.D. 8vo. sewed, 1s.—History of Ludlow, by Thomas Wright, Esq. M.A. Part I. 4s.—Sketches in Eria and Tyravley, by the Author of "Tour in Connaught," &c. 10s. 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Law and Practice of Parliamentary Elections, by B. Montagu and W. J. Neale, 8vo. 10s.—Spence's Private Devotions, edited by the Rev. F. Paget, 18mo. 3s. 6d.—Vincentius of Lirius against Heresy, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Moral Influence of Great Cities, by J. Todd, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—Letters on the Bible Monopoly, by the Rev. J. Campbell, 12mo. cloth, 2s. 6d.—Christ on the Cross; an Exposition of the Twenty-second Psalm, by the Rev. J. Stevenson, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—A Full Report of the Case of Martin v. Scott, by W. C. Curtis, Esq. 8s. 6d.—Extracts from the Works of Travellers Illustrative of the Scriptures, 12mo. 4s.—Brand's Manual of Chemistry, 5th edition, 1 vol. 8vo. 1l. 15s.—English Hæmaphys, 4to. 2l. 2s.—royal 4to. 3l. 3s.—Introduction to French Prose, by G. L. Lasguez, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Catena Aurea: Commentary on the Four Gospels, by S. Thomas Aquinas, Vol. I.; St. Matthew, Part I. 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Sacred Poems, by the Rev. J. Gorle, 8vo. 3s.—The Liler in France, by the Countess of Blessington, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 8s.—Family Records; or, the Two Sisters, by Lady C. Bury, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.—The Manners and Customs of Society in India, by Mrs. Clemons, post 8vo. 8s.—Maslin's New Decimal System of Money, Weights, Measures, &c. 8vo. 3s.—The Prescriber's Pharmacopœia, 32mo. 2s. 6d.—Edwin Lee on Stammering and Squinting, 8vo. 3s.—Christian Lady's Magazine, Vol. XV. 7s. 12mo.—The Last Scenes in the Life of our Saviour, by the Rev. D. T. K. Drummond, 12mo. 6s.—Marnock's Floricultural Magazine, Vol. V. 8vo. 7s. 6d.—The Church Catechism, 8vo. 3s.—Memoir of the Rev. J. G. Bray, 3d edition, royal 12mo. 9s. 6d.

### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1841.

June.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 3	From 51 to 69	30.14 stationary
Friday .... 4	... 42 ... 67	30.30 to 30.25
Saturday ... 5	... 45 ... 67	30.14 ... 30.09
Sunday .... 6	... 44 ... 59	29.95 ... 29.94
Monday ... 7	... 40 ... 59	29.88 ... 29.93
Tuesday ... 8	... 45 ... 59	29.93 ... 29.91
Wednesday 9	... 45 ... 63	29.90 stationary

Winds, south-west and north-west.  
On the 3d, 4th, and morning of the 5th, generally clear; afternoon and evening of the 5th overcast, with rain; the 6th, generally clear; the 7th and following day overcast, with rain; the 9th, morning and afternoon cloudy, evening clear.

Rain fallen, 4.2 of an inch.

*Parhelia.*—Never, perhaps, were these phenomena more brilliantly seen than on the evening of Friday, the 4th inst. At 6h. 45m. n.e., east and west of the sun, distant about twenty-three degrees from the sun, and, as usual, on the circumference of a halo, two mock suns formed, strongly coloured, and no less remarkable for intensity of light than length of train, which, probably is the case, was in a direction from the sun and parallel to the horizon. The length of the luminous cone was sufficiently bright to be measurable at a distance of eighteen degrees, and, probably, the apex must have been several degrees beyond. The upper part of a second halo, faintly coloured, also formed twenty-five degrees above the first.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We regret to decline the effusion of "W. D." but it is too painful.





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